



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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HUSBAND'S NAME Delos Wheeler Lovelace
 When Born Dec. 2, 1894 Where Brainerd, Minn.
 Christened _____ Where _____
 When Died _____ Where _____
 When Buried _____ Where _____
 When Married Nov. 29, 1917 Where _____
 Other Wives (if any) _____
 His Father Martimer Nathan His Mother's Maiden Name Josephine Wheeler

Delos Wheeler Lovelace
 (Husband's Full Name)

Maud Hart
 (Wife's Maiden Name)

This information obtained from
who's who - 1958

WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME Maud Hart
 When Born _____ Where _____
 Christened _____ Where _____
 When Died _____ Where _____
 When Buried _____ Where _____
 Other Husb. (if any) _____
 Her Father Thomas Walden Hart Her Mother's Maiden Name Stella M. Palmer

Date _____
 Compiler Mrs. M. B. Dhandt
 Address 221 W. Hamilton Ave.
 City Sherburne State N.Y.

| Male or Female | CHILDREN (Arrange in order of birth) | WHEN BORN | | | WHERE BORN | | State or Country | DIED | | | MARRIED |
|----------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------|-----|------|------------|--------|------------------|------|-----|-----|--------------------------------------------|
| | | Day | Mo. | Yr. | Town | County | | Day | Mo. | Yr. | |
| F | 1 Merian | 18 | 1 | 1931 | New York | | N.Y. | | | | Date _____ To <u>Engelhart Kirchner</u> |
| | 2 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
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| | 11 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
| | 12 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
| | 13 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
| | 14 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |

Form F2
 Family Group Sheet
 The Everton Publishers, 518 North Main, Logan, Utah
 Use Reverse Side For Additional Information

HUSBAND'S NAME Mortimer Nathan Lovelace

When Born Where
Christened Where
When Died Where
When Buried Where
When Married Where

Mortimer Nathan Lovelace

(Husband's Full Name)

Josephine Wheeler

(Wife's Maiden Name)

Other Wives
(if any)

This information obtained from

His Father Nathaniel Greely Lovelace His Mother's Maiden Name Lucinda Potter

Son of William Lovelace and Harriet ~~Smith~~ Grant Lovelace

WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME Josephine Wheeler

When Born Where
Christened Where
When Died Where
When Buried Where
Other Husb. (if any)

Date

Compiler

Address

Her Father Wheeler Her Mother's Maiden Name Fuller

City State

| Male or Female | CHILDREN (Arrange in order of birth) | WHEN BORN | | | WHERE BORN | | State or Country | DIED | | | MARRIED |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------------|---------------|-----|-----|------------|--------|------------------------|------|-----|-----|----------------------------------------|
| | | Day | Mo. | Yr. | Town | County | | Day | Mo. | Yr. | |
| | 1 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
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| | 7 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
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| | 9 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
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| | 13 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |
| | 14 | | | | | | | | | | Date _____ To _____ |

Form F2
Family Group Sheet
Use Reverse Side For Additional Information

5-17-2-3
Lovelace

Amma says

Grandfather Lovell was

Nathaniel Josely

to June 6, 1835

Great Grandfather

was William Lovell

Great Grandmother

Lovell was

Hannah Cronk.

I was at an impressive age, I suppose - for I know I had Mother read the letters over several times before they were sent on to Aunt's Ho, or Rhoda or Minnie. By the way, my irreverent-daughter Rosemond calls her car "Minnie Agnes".

It was good, too to hear news of your daughter and her work and of Helen and her husband.

We have two daughters - both living in Hamilton. Elizabeth has a secretarial position with Westinghouse and Roy is teaching. Both girls are old enough to be married - but so far they have remained career girls. They have an apartment together and are very busy.

I have been supplying at the High School since Christmas, which is one reason why my correspondence has been neglected.

Bill and I have been married nearly thirty-one years - and this is the first time I've been teaching since I was married. The teacher shortage is a serious problem here - but I'm through the end of June. If I teach I have energy for nothing else.

Garbie is back teaching and feeling fairly well after his coronary attack. His son Jim was married in the Easter holidays and I was down for the wedding. Garbie has a teaching daughter, too - Mary.

Louise and Walter have three boys and
an adopted daughter. The older boys,
David and Dennis are at University -
Victoria College in Toronto - David is to do
research work in Ottawa this summer -
and Dennis will be working on the railroad
to Knob Lake - The new iron ore field in
Labrador. Jerry is still at U.T.S and
Penny in public school.

Our family had talked of a trip West -
this summer - one reason why I had
consented to teach for six months.
Unfortunately events have occurred
which make it impossible to get
away. But I'll keep your address
and Helen's - and maybe, perhaps -
a miracle may occur - and something
we may get to California. We have
cousins on Dad's side of the family in
Los Angeles whom we haven't seen
for years. They visited us in Lambert
back around 1913 -

Love to you, Helen, and your
husbands - and sympathy in the
loss of your loved sister.

Ruby Rinn

166 Elm St. South
Zimmins, Ont. June 4/58

Dear Maund -

Your kind and lovely letter should have been acknowledged weeks ago - and I do apologise for my tardiness. I had written you from Louise's home - so when your letter arrived there, she and Garbie read it - before sending it on to me.

Deer hearts were warmed again and again by the tributes paid Mother and Dad. They came from every circuit where they served - and from people whom we never knew. Being a minister's daughter has been a privilege - tho' I must admit I never appreciated it in my teens. We took Mother to London and just had a graveside service there as we only expected the immediate family and the Kennedy cousins to be there; but, in addition there were many parishioners and other friends there to pay their respects to our little mother.

Thank you for sending us the folder of Kathleen. What a lovely picture! Do you remember the letters she sent home when she first studied in Germany and which made the records of the Revs and uncles? I can still quote from some of those letters

who was serving (1955) in the Canadian Navy

(c) Mary Rohrer, m. Addison Fingel; lived Brantford, Ont.; 2 daus.

767 (6) Joseph Cameron Rohrer b. 19 Oct. 1882

361

WILLIAM HENRY STACKHOUSE (parent: Ann Maria McClish, 177)

b. 24 Nov. 1850 (FB) in Charlotteville tp., Norfolk Co., Ont.

d. 21 June 1925 (FB); bur. Johnson cem., St. Williams, Ont.

m. Mary Ann Williams b. 7 May 1856 (FB; GS, 1855); d. 20 Nov. 1925; bur. beside husband

William succeeded to the homestead of his father David Stackhouse, Lot 2, Con. 1, Charlotteville. Mary Ann was an invalid for 15 years preceding her death but outlived her husband by 5 months.

Children (7, all b. Charlotteville):

768 (1) Thomas Cameron Stackhouse b. 29 Apr. 1875

(2) William Stackhouse b. 1 Nov. 1876; d. 17 July 1921; bur. Newkirk cem., St. Williams; m. Margaret McAllister b. Ireland; William farmed the Mary Hunter farm on Con. 3, Charlotteville, and worked at the Government Forestry Station; ch.:

(a) Lloyd Stackhouse b. abt. 1919; unm. (1956); engaged in the Christmas tree business; resided on Lot 1, Con. 2, near the Forestry Station

769 (3) Lorne Stackhouse b. 13 Mar. 1879

770 (4) Charles Stackhouse b. 18 Jan. 1887, a twin (the other twin died)

(5) David Stackhouse b. 4 Oct. 1892; d. at 6 mos.

(6) Bruce Stackhouse b. 7 Aug. 1894; d. 22 Mar. 1895

771 (7) Eva Elizabeth Stackhouse b. 27 Oct. 1897

Sources: Nellie Carter, wife of Charles Stackhouse, above; and family Bible of David Stackhouse, father of William Henry, which was in her possession in 1956.

362

ALONZO TISDALE (parent: Hannah Price, 178)

b. abt. 1831 in Charlotteville tp., Norfolk Co., Ont.

m. Electa Preston b. abt. 1839 in the United States

Alonzo came into possession of the homestead of his father Ephraim Tisdale, Lot. 18, Con. 5, Charlotteville. In the census of 1871 he was listed as a farmer of English descent belonging to the Church of Scotland.

Children (10, all b. Charlotteville):

(1) David Tisdale b. Nov. 1860

(2) Hannah Tisdale b. 26 Feb. 1862

(3) Leah Tisdale b. 6 Aug. 1863

(4) George Tisdale b. 24 Mar. 1865; succeeded to the Tisdale homestead and was living on it in 1898 (LPS 260)

(5) William Tisdale b. 17 Oct. 1866

(6) Margaret Tisdale b. 6 Nov. 1869; m. John Mathews; 2 ch.: Sarah and Wesley Mathews

(7) Alonzo Tisdale b. 18 July 1872

(8) Edith Tisdale b. 2 Oct. 1874; m. George Carr; ch.: Edward Carr

772 (9) Edward Craig Tisdale b. 14 May 1878

(10) Florence May Tisdale b. 4 July abt. 1880

363

DAVID TISDALE (parent: Hannah Price, 178) b. 8 Sept. 1835 in Charlotteville tp., Norfolk Co., Ont.

d. 1911; bur. Oakwood cem., Simcoe, Ont.

m. 16 Nov. 1858 Sarah Araminta Walker b. 1837, dau. of James Walker of Woodhouse tp., Norfolk Co.; she d. 1925 and was bur. beside her husband

David studied law in the offices of G. R. Van Norman, Simcoe, and of D. B. Read, K.C., Toronto, and graduated from Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Admitted to the bar in 1858, he practiced in Simcoe and was created Queen's Counsel (prosecuting attorney) in 1872.

David took a leading part in the construction of railroads connecting Lake Erie and Georgian Bay, and for a number of years was president of the company that controlled three such railroads, later merged with the Grand Trunk Railway and eventually with the Canadian National Railways. He arranged the financing and construction of branches of the Grand Trunk Railway from Parkhead to Owen Sound and from Waterloo to Elmira; also for the South Norfolk Railway connecting Simcoe with Port Rowan. His most ambitious project never came to fruition. This was for the construction of a 21-foot ship canal to connect Lake Erie with Lake St. Clair in order to avoid

Grandfather's Sister

the "shoals, currents, and narrow passages" of the Detroit River at Lake Erie. He was president of a company chartered to construct the canal, but construction was never begun. He had interests also in lumbering, mining, sheep farming, and cattle raising, and was chairman of the executive committee of the Crown Life Insurance Co.

In 1861 David enlisted as a private in a company of militia organized for defense during the uncertainties attending the Civil War in the United States. In that year there was apparent danger of a British-American clash after a Northern naval officer had forcibly removed from the British ship *Trent* Confederate envoys James M. Mason and John Slidell. In 1864 David volunteered with his company as part of a battalion to guard the Niagara frontier from breaches of neutrality laws by Southern refugees. He was on active service also in the Fenian raids of 1865 and 1866. In the latter year he was made lieutenant-colonel of a battalion of 8 companies comprising the 39th Norfolk Rifles. In 1872 he was officially thanked by the Militia Department of Canada for dispersing a "United States mob" which had assembled at Port Dover to witness a prize fight. He retired from active command in 1876.

David served for a number of years as councillor and reeve of Simcoe, and was a member of the Norfolk County Council. He was a strong advocate of the confederation of the British colonies, which was consummated on 1 July 1867. In the Canadian elections of 1867 and 1872 he took an active part, supporting candidates who favored construction of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways to span the continent from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. He was himself a Conservative candidate for a seat in Parliament in the election of 1874 and campaigned mainly on this issue, but he was defeated. He was elected in 1887 and re-elected in 1891, 1896, and 1900. From 1891 to 1896 he was chairman of the Standing Committee on Railways and Canals. David advocated protective tariffs for Canada and preferential tariffs within the British Empire. For a short time in 1896 he was Minister of Militia and Defence but resigned when his party was defeated in a general election in that year.

Children (5, all b. Simcoe):

- 773 (1) Araminta Augusta ("Meta") Tisdale b. 21 Aug. 1859
 774 (2) Maggie Gordo Tisdale b. 10 Aug. 1861

775 (3) William Edgett Tisdale b. 19 Mar. 1864

(4) David Robb Tisdale b. 1866; d. 1937; bur. Oakwood cem., Simcoe; m. Vera Curtis, dau. of Henry Edmund and Ellen Curtis*; in 1884 he took up a homestead in Wyoming and acquired considerable capital, which he lost in the stock crash of 1929; later he had an apple orchard in Norfolk Co.; Vera resided (1956) in Simcoe; no ch.

(5) Christie Tisdale b. abt. 1870; d. at age of 6 of scarlet fever; bur. Oakwood cem.

Sources: Source for David's career is a brochure signed "W.W.", undated but printed about 1905.

364

✓ AROSAMOND PRICE (parent: Stephen Price, 179)

b. 4 May 1834 in Walsingham tp., Norfolk Co., Ont., near St. Williams

d. 17 Jan. 1879 at Ossian, Iowa; bur. Centennial cem., Ossian

m. 16 Apr. 1857 at St. Williams, James Adolphus Hart b. 29 July 1832 at Vittoria, Ont., son of Thomas Hart (1807—1898) and his wife Mary Ann Pease (b. 1814) of Simcoe, Ont.; James d. 15 Oct. 1913 in Simcoe; bur. Centennial cem.

While Arosamond and James were engaged to be married, James undertook homestead duties in Calmar tp., Winneshick Co., Ia., leaving her behind to escape the frontier hardships. Meanwhile, James's father noted that Arosamond was becoming very friendly with the preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Church and sent for his son to return home and claim his bride, which he did. On the day of the marriage she received a certificate of removal from the church, signed by John Wakefield, Superintendent of the Walsingham circuit. She and James lived on the homestead in Iowa for about 7 years and then located some 7 miles to the southeast near Ossian. The Methodist congregation there met in a log building; Arosamond decided there must be a church, and she drove around soliciting subscriptions to a building fund. A list of subscribers, found among James's papers after his death, showed his name as the first subscriber for what was to be dedicated as the Centennial Methodist Church.

*Henry Edmund Curtis was an engineer and had charge of building a road in Egypt to the pyramids. His wife, Ellen, was Russian; he met her in Russia.

145 Warm Springs Ave.
Boise, Idaho.
Aug. 5, 1948

Belas Wheeler Lovelace
63 Wyatt Road
Garden City, New York

Dear Sir:

I am trying to connect a Lovelace line from Sir William Lovelace of England with this line of Lovelaces of New York, Pennsylvania & Illinois. The ancient lines of a total lineage. The ancient lines can be secured in any complete reference books. I want information & vital records from Francis Lovelace governor of New York in 1660.

If you can give me any information or tell me where I can secure the same, I will more than appreciate it and I will gladly pay any reasonable expense.

The later generations I have are Charles Summer Lovelace his father
Harmon Lovelace Indiana County Penn. & Luzerne Co. Minnesota his father
William Lovelace of Indiana, York & Luzerne Counties, Penn.

Hoping you can give me some help I am,

Yours truly,

Blanche H. Tallinger

I will give any information I have to any interested Lovelace. I am not a genealogist. I have nothing to sell or to publish. I am only making this research for this family line only.

Sisakoye

Great Grandf. messenger

Grandpa Nathan

died in Everett ^{probably}

buried ^{carpenter} ^{wrong} ~~in Everett~~ ^(found here)
at ~~Everett~~

Gertrude R Schambau

sister of Martin

Johanna Aunt Foley (2 no names)
sister of Martin ^{never met} ^(Kron)

Keith ~~Foley~~ ^{daughter}

went to ~~Johanna~~ Jora Foley, married
Buckington Cal. ^{sister} ^{twice}

Grandpa Nathaniel Lealok

~~in Everett~~ ^{found here.}

~~Broadway~~ ~~at Everett~~
Cemetery

Lola _____

Keith ^{Lola} — Hazel
" second wife

Zora ^{Keith} _____

Keith's daughter
or Lola's daughter?

Keith, a

Witch - shiny

a steam - driven

Mary Lou ~~Case~~
in Portland

Descendants of
Grandpa Nettie
brothers

add sons of Wm.

— \ —

Father had never been well from the time he had the measles the spring following his marriage. He was a cattle buyer was able to make a good living for mother and the four children whom he was now leaving.

Dr. Spooner had examined him and told mother he could live about one week.

The week had passed. Two of the neighbors had come to stay all night. They must keep quiet as father must not be disturbed.

He insisted mother must go to bed at the usual time and sister Lavina then an eleven months old babe should lie on his arm.

At two o'clock in the morning father called mother, asked her to give him a drink of water. She raised him up. He took one swallow, fell back dying in her arms.

Two days later he was laid away in the Baker cemetery leaving alone a widow with four helpless little children. The eldest a boy less than six years.

We were living in a house belonging to grandfather. He told mother we could not live alone. After the funeral grandfather Fuller took mother and her four children home with him where we were welcomed by one of the best grandmothers little children ever had.

One year later Grandfather died leaving four hundred dollars to each of his five children and plenty to take care of Grandmother as long as she lived.

Grandmother sold the farm for five thousand dollars and we all moved to a home she had one half mile from the village of Ruby.

Uncle James a boy of sixteen and Aunt Sarah were living at home. They were very kind to us children.

Aunt Sarah has always been like a second mother to us. Of all her nieces and nephews I think she loved us best.

She always said we seemed like her own children. When

auntie was thirty years old she married and had two sons. One of whom is living and a successful business man.

One of the earliest remembrances of my childhood days are of a young man taking me by the hand and leading me to school.

He was Mr. Hartford my first school master. When we reached the school house we found the door locked.

I think the boys of the Ruby school were the most disappointed boys I have ever known.

The Friday before they had tried to throw our teacher out of the school room.

All school masters in those days used a hickory stick. By wielding it over the boys he saved himself from such an indignity.

There were many swollen heads went home that night.

Five of the culprits were sons of school officers.

Mr. Adams and Madden were very angry at the teacher.

A school meeting was held on Saturday. The decision was Mr. Hartford could not finish his school term.

Our teacher was loved by all the small children. Our parents let us go to school.

The following Monday morning at nine o'clock Mr. Hartford tried the school house door and it was locked.

We children all came back. We sat on the steps and learned our lessons reciting them to the teacher.

Mr. Adams came over and asked him to leave. The teacher told him he had signed a contract to be at the school house at nine o'clock in the morning five mornings a week. If he could not get inside he would do his teaching on the school steps.

I remember one day at recess Percy Maxfield came running to the school house all excited telling us there was a big snake in

their door yard.

The teacher and his pupils ran across the street to find Mrs. Maxfield with the broom in her hands standing there white and trembling.

Just as we reached the yard Dr. Maxfield drove up to the house.

Mrs. Maxfield told us she had gone out to sweep the door yard and seeing what she thought was a black log wondering how it got there. She went over to look at it. When she touched it with her broom it crawled down the bank of the Black River.

When the Dr. laughed at her she showed him the impression in the sand the snake made when it went down the bank of the river.

That was our last day of school out doors. The next morning when we went the key was in the door. Our teacher did not have any trouble finishing his term. He was asked but refused to teach the following year.

Another incident which is impressed on my mind is of losing my waterproof cape and cap my mother had made me.

I was living with my Grandmother at the time. Aunt Sarah sent me to the store. I had to go about a half mile. While running I became warm and took off the cap which fastened to the cape. The cape unfastened at the neck. When I got home I found I had lost them.

Aunt Sarah scolded me telling me I would have lost my head if it wasn't fastened to my neck. Grandmother told me not to cry she would make me another.

Tommy Meronchie, a red headed freckled faced boy friend found it when coming from school and gave it to me.

That fall my Grandmother bought a little house and one acre of land and deeded it to my mother.

Mother wanted a home of her own. She thought she would be happier. We were only one mile from Grandmother. She would take care of us.

Father hadn't left much money and mother wanted to teach school. She had taught school before she was married. We had only been in our new home about a month when mother became ill. She was sick all winter.

Our nearest neighbors were an old couple by the name of Goss. I heard Mrs. Goss telling mother she was going to bring a man, who wanted a wife, over to see her. I was over to Grandmother's when Mr. Caves came to see mother. He had been to see her several times before I saw him. I was not old enough to realize what it meant.

Mother had told us not to tell Grandmother about Mr. Caves coming to see her. How would you children like Mr. Caves for a father, my mother asked us one Saturday in September. Oh that would be nice answered my two sisters and brother in chorus. Could we go to the farm to live and gather hickory nuts? Ride the horses and each of us have a little lamb they asked mother in eager voices. Mother told us we would have lots of apples and all kinds of fruit and even the little lamb was included.

I stood back and had nothing to say. My father had been dead four years. I could not remember him. I was only two years old when he died. I had always had a longing for my father which I never mentioned. My mother turned to me and asked me how I would like a new father. I do not want a father I said as the tears came to my eyes.

My mother took me in her lap, pressed me to her saying Josie dear if Mr. Caves were your father we could always have plenty of

wood and you could have all the apples you could eat.

"Mother I will help you gather pine cones for wood and I will never complain of the wild crab apples being too sour if you will get me a father."

Mother explained how she wasn't strong enough to go out in the cold and gather wood for the winter. She didn't have the money to buy it.

"But mother grandmother will buy wood for us."

"No dear I cannot ask Grandmother to buy wood for us. She has done so much now."

I loved mother and gave my consent after shedding many tears.

The following Friday Mr. Caves eldest daughter Annie came to our house. She was anxious my mother marry her father as she was in love with my mother's only brother.

She took me in her arms and coaxed me to go home with her. She told me of all the nice things I could have if I would go to live on the farm. I liked her and promised to go home with her.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Caves came for us and we went home him promising me I could see mother the next day.

He lived five miles from where we lived. The candles were lighted when we reached his home. When the horses turned in the gate we were met by a big dog who was barking furiously. Annie helped me down from the wagon taking me by the hand she led me in the house.

We went into a big square room. There was a big four poster bed stood in one corner of the room. That was the first thing to draw my attention. The bed was made of black walnut about six foot high with big round balls on top of each post. Inch holes were bored in either side pieces and ends of the bed. A rope was drawn through each hole being laced in basket fashion to hold the bed ticks.

There were two ticks on the bed made of striped ticking. One was filled with straw. The other was filled with live goose feathers. These feathers are picked from live geese at a certain time each year. This tick is put on the one filled with straw making a nice soft bed.

A patch quilt called the Irish chain covered the bed. It was made of pink and white calico. A round bolster filled with feathers was at the head. A flowered valance went around the bed. The valance being raised at one end. A trundle bed was drawn from under the bed. Lottie and Bell the two youngest girls slept there. A cradle in another corner with Dannie, a boy of six, was sleeping.

There was a big fire place at one end of the room. A big bag had been rolled on it. A cradlechair was on the other side of the room. The rest of the furniture consisted of chairs and a black walnut table. God Bless our home was worked in green and red yarn in a Motto which hung over the door. Flowered curtains hung at the windows.

Supper was waiting for us. We went in the dining room and ate potatoes, pork and beans, bread, butter, cookies, and black berries.

When we finished supper Annie took me in the kitchen. Katie was standing by the stove stirring berries. She was making black berrie jam.

The house had been newly white washed. Everything was spotless.

Mary a tall girl of twelve cleared the table. She and Annie washed the dishes. When the girls had finished the dishes two boys came in. Their names were Thomas and Charley. They had been doing chores and taking care of the horses in the barn. "Did you give the horses plenty of oats and bedding?" their father asked.

"Yes, sir," Thomas the eldest answered.

"I am going to Ruby tomorrow and I want them to prance all the way home."

When he said that my eyes filled with tears. I wanted my mother. Annie looked at me and smiled. She told me I could see mother tomorrow.

We went upstairs to bed. The room had two beds in it. A curtain with big flowers hung between the beds. I slept with Annie. Katie and Mary slept in the other bed. The boys slept in the other room which had two beds.

I slept late next morning. I was alone in the room when I woke. Everyone had gone down stairs. I dressed and went down. I had on my Sunday dress. It was a small check of white and blue with white lace pleated in the neck and sleeves.

Annie gave me a bowl of bread and milk. Everyone had ate breakfast.

Annie and Katie wore dresses made of cloth their mother had made before she died. It was a black and red check about one half inch square made tight waist with full skirt with white collar and cuffs. Mary, Lottie and Bell wore flowered calico dresses made tight waist and ruffled skirts.

All the boys were out doors playing. When I had finished eating I wanted to go home. "Father has gone after your mother," Annie said. "Why didn't he take me?" I asked. "You were sleeping," she said. I began to cry. She took me out doors. The boys were playing in the corn crib. They called to us to come and see what they had. Lottie and Bell had followed us out. "Come here, Josie," they cried. "Dannie has a squirrill."

Dannie was a beautiful boy with black curly hair and blue eyes. I took the squirrill. It was one the children had tamed. We all went down to the orchard. There I saw more apples than I had

ever seen. Annie called us when we went in the house, a big dish pan filled with pop corn was there. What a treat for me. We filled our apron pockets, sat on the stair steps and ate the corn.

It was an open stair leading from the front room to the second floor.

Katie and Annie were busy preparing dinner. Mary was setting the table. When we had finished eating the popcorn Lottie, Bell, Dannie and myself went out to the gate. We saw a buggy coming about one half mile down the road. "There comes father," said Dannie. "Who can be with him. Let's all go and meet him. I don't want to go. We will wait here. Dannie looked at me as I spoke and said alright.

We sat on the grass by the fence until he drove up. Then I saw my mother was there. Brother Neldo, sisters Sadie and Lavina were in the back seat. Mother held me as she told me we could live here now and asked me if I had a nice time.

Mr. Caves' children were all pleased to have a new mother. They had prepared a nice dinner for her. Turkey, mashed potatoes, turnips, bread, butter, black berry pie and cake.

Soon we were all around the table. Mother sitting next to Mr. Caves. How nice she looked in her blue delain dress.

Mr. Caves' mother, aged eighty years sat at the foot of the table. She never learned to love me. Always disliked me, calling me the white headed Brat. There could not be a mistake in her meaning as I was the only whitehaired child among the twelve children.

Many years ago there had lived a beautiful blond. She was my mothers great Aunt Sally Nash. I was the first perfect blond in the family for four generations. I have a son, daughter and grand daughter who are blonds.

When we had finished dinner my step father arose from the

table. He was a large man fifty eight years old. He wore whiskers which were turning grey. His upper lip was clean shaven. He was six foot tall.

Mother was a dainty little woman only twenty nine years old. As she stood beside him he raised his arm and laughingly told her to walk under it. She passed under his arm and walked to the door.

"How would you like to look over the farm and get acquainted with your new home?" he asked. Mother put a shawl over her shoulders. They walked out on the stoop. She saw a big square log house which was her new home. I know she asked God to make it a happy one for us all.

They walked down to the wood lot. I think the wood pleased mother more than anything. There were cords of it piled along the fence seasoning to burn in the winter. When they came back it was dark. The table was set with bowls of bread and milk for supper.

Annie and Mary washed the bowls and spoons. In those days supper was always served at six o'clock. After supper we all sat around the big room until bedtime.

I found Dannie was just fourteen days older than I. Lottie six months younger than my baby sister Lavina.

At nine o'clock we all went to bed. Lottie slept upstairs with Annie. Bell in the cradle chair. Sadie, Lavina and myself in the trundle bed. Neldo and Dannie slept upstairs.

After getting better acquainted with Dannie, I learned he had one blind eye. People said his mother marked him by crying so much over her pet cow who lost an eye before Dannie was born. As long as Dannie and I lived at home we always done all we could for

one another.

The next day my stepfather moved our furniture from home. Then we had more mottos to hang on the wall. Such as "Home sweet Home", "Jesus is our Friend", and "Happy Thoughts", and other religious sayings.

Then we had enough chairs. The children did not have to stand while we were eating as we did the first night.

Mother had plenty of quilts, feather beds and pillows. An elevated oven cook stove which was quite a help to the large family.

That fall we gathered hickory. Beech and plenty of butter nuts. Every night during the winter we would pop corn and crack nuts. The nuts and popcorn were spread over the attic floor.

I will now tell you how we children gathered the nuts. After the frost came in the fall we would get up in the morning as soon as it was light enough to see. Then we would go quietly under the tall hickory nut trees and wait until the squirrels had covered the ground with nuts. They were cutting them down to store for winter. The branches grew far, far from the ground. We smaller children could not climb the trees

Christmas came and with it happiness. There was plenty wood to keep warm. My stepfather had cut logs and piled on the fireplace so Santa Claus would have no trouble in getting down the chimney. Our stockings were hung. They were filled with nuts, popcorn, stick candy and candy hearts.

Mother always made baby boys and girls from fried cake dough. She used raisins for the eyes. I remember that Christmas

I had a green ribbon for my hair in my stocking. I thought it the most beautiful ribbon I had ever seen.

We small children were always given the same kind of present. We each received hair ribbons only of different colors. I remember Sadie's was red.

Only once that winter did unhappiness come to our home. Mr. Caves whipped my brother Neldo with a circingle strap striking with the buckle end. It happened that Mr. Caves and Mother had gone to Port Huron. Charley and Neldo had quarrelled. After my stepfather came home (while they were in the barn taking care of the stock) Charley told him that Neldo had knocked him down that day. Mr. Caves always went to the barn the last thing before going to bed to see that the stock was alright. That night he told Neldo to go out with him. While they were there he whipped my brother. Then told him to go to bed as soon as he went into the house. Mother being tired had gone to bed before they came in.

The next morning when Annie went up to see why Neldo did not get up she found him lame and black with bruises where he had been whipped. Annie came down and told mother. I never knew just what mother said to Mr. Caves but he never whipped him as severely again. My stepfather's motto was a word and a blow and the blow came first.

Mr. Caves was just as severe with his own children as he was with us. I saw him take his boot and throw at Thomas. If it had hit him on the head it would have knocked him senseless.

In a few days Neldo was able to go to school. He was never a strong boy. When the snow and ice came he could not play and snowball as the stronger boys did.

Jimmie Marks, a boy of eighteen, who attended the same school, would take my sister Sadie and I by the hand and skate down a big ditch that had been filled with water during the fall, then frozen after the cold weather came.

Neldo would hang on his coat tail so the big children could not tease us as they always did strange children who went to school. Jimmie Marks at the present time is serving a life sentence for killing his wife. It seems impossible for me to believe that boy who was so kind to three little fatherless children could commit such a crime. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

Winter passed and in the early summer we had a baby brother who died with colera morbus when he was three months old.

How well I can remember each little detail as it happened that day. I was standing on a stool wiping dishes. The older girls were picking green gage plums off a tree which grew in front of the door. Mother was holding Howard on her lap. He had been sick just a few hours. She did not realize how sick he was. Mr. Caves had gone to Brockway Centre for Dr. Gowen. The baby moaned then up went his little hands. He died almost before we knew he was sick. He was dead before the doctor came.

My sister Lavina and I spend the remainder of that summer and fall with our grandmother. We had lived with her so much it was like home to us.

Grandfather had bought forty acres of land intending to build a carding mill. A carding mill is where fleeces of wool are taken after being sheared and washed. Where it is made in rolls ready for spinning into yarn.

There was a spring on the place called the Gassau which had water power enough to run this water wheel.

Grandfather died three weeks after purchasing this farm. Just one year after the death of my father.

The house was built in a grove of pine trees. The big sitting room in the front of the house had four windows with twelve small panes of glass in each window.

Grandmother slept downstairs. In her bedroom she had a six inch square hole cut in one corner for the big white cat Mandy to go out and in. She and Aunt Sarah used it as a hiding place for their pocketbooks as we had plenty of tramps in those days.

There was also a large kitchen and pantry downstairs. Two bedrooms on the second floor. The house was painted white. The hen house and barn were built at the back. Grandma always kept two cows. We children had all the cream we could eat. Many times I have had a saucer full of half churned cream with Dutch cheese in it when she was churning.

The next winter I lived with Mrs. George Thomas one of our neighbors. She never had a child and loved me very much. Mr. Thomas went up near Alpena that winter in the woods hauling logs. He was gone until early spring. He came home sooner than we expected. We were not looking for him for six weeks. He said he had been awakened by his brother calling him about four o'clock

in the morning. His brother Sam had died at four o'clock the same morning he had heard him call. In those days people claimed they had a warning before any of their people died. His brother lived on the farm joining his. He was buried the day after Mr. Thomas came home.

Mrs. Thomas had a beautiful home. Always so nice and clean. There were no children to track in dirt or make a muss. I used to stay with her until I got homesick. Then I would go home and stay with Mother. Mrs. Thomas would come after me and tell me I could have all the cookies I could eat if I would go back with her. She made the best cookies I have ever eaten.

Their house painted white was built in an orchard. There were russetts, golden pippens, big red apples, pears, plums, peaches and all kinds of fruit. All kinds of beautiful flowers.

Mr. Thomas' driving team was Arabian horses. His large barns were filled with good horses which he used in the woods each winter and worked his farm in summer.

Young children have such curious ideas. I can remember an old trunk Mrs. Thomas had in her attic. I think she had every hat she had ever worn for twenty years in that trunk. I used to go up there and put them on my head and I wondered why she didn't give them to me. Mothers and daughters did not wear the same styles in those days.

After school closed that spring my two sisters, brothers and I went to stay with Grandmother. I learned to spin yarn that summer. I was always anxious to learn all kinds of work. After Grandmother bothering with me until I could spin she went away one day and told me to spin a skein of yarn. I did not twist ~~it~~

it enough. It was full of knots where I had tied it. When she saw it she shook me until my teeth chattered and made me do it right.

We children helped in the garden, drove the cows from the pasture and helped all we were able to.

Aunt Sarah was working in a tailor shop in Lexington that summer.

We children had such fun that summer gathering berries, building houses with pine cones. Running through the woods after the cows. Stopping on our way to pick winter green and squaw berries. These berries grew on little vines running on the ground. They are not used as fruit but are delicious for eating.

Aunt Sarah came home late in the fall and we children went home.

I can recall only two incidents of interest during that winter.

One day mother and Mr. Caves went to Port Huron. My step-sister told me to do something which I refused to do. For punishment she sat me on a chair and told me to sit there until I could spell able without an L. When she wasn't looking I went out doors, hid in the corn crib until I was so cold I had to go indoors.

The weather was so cold that night mother stayed at Grandmothers as they passed her house on their way home.

When my stepfather came home Katie told him I would not mind her. I was sitting on the stairs. He walked over where I was and struck me knocking me to the floor. Then sent me to bed where I cried myself to sleep.

The other incident was a Jew peddler came from Detroit.

He stayed over night at our house. In the morning he was showing his red handkerchiefs. We children thought them beautiful. He gave each of us one to look at. My brother and stepsister Mary did not return theirs. After he had gone they were showing the rest of us what they had. We told mother. She made them run and overtake him and return them. When they came back she punished them and told us how wicked it was to keep that which did not belong to us.

Mother tried to live a good Christian life. Always giving thanks at the table. At night often reading the bible and all knelt in prayer.

In April 1875 my sister Helen was born. I was ten years old. We were all happy with our baby sister. As she grew older she loved my sister Sadie best. We all thought her a beautiful baby. Mother could sew nicely and she made her little dresses. So pretty with little yokes and gathered skirts, short sleeves that tied with ribbon just above her dimpled elbows.

Her dresses were made of white cambric and pin stripe blue and white calico.

That fall after harvest, potato digging, corn husking and the fruit was gathered, apples dried with an abundant supply of hickory, beech, butternuts and popcorn we left our Kenockee home and moved out on a farm on Lake Huron shore three miles from where I was born.

My stepfather traded his eighty acres for one hundred and twenty acres. A big house surrounded with rose and lilac bushes. Two big locust trees shaded the big room and bedroom in the front of the house. A big apple tree grew at the corner of the house

by the dining room shading the three windows on the east side of the house. Each window had six fourteen inch window lights in the top and bottom sash. One window was above a three foot landing where the door opened on the stairway.

I can not forget that door and window. I was always afraid of worms and bugs. My stepbrothers were always teasing me with them. One day Thomas caught a big bug and was going to put it down the neck of my dress. I got away from him and ran in the stairway putting my foot against the casing inside the door and holding the knob I could keep him out. In my fright I thought of letting the door open so he could fall to the ground through the window. Imagine his surprise when I let go of the door. He felt himself going through the window taking the lower sash with him.

He dropped the bug and was to much frightened of the punishment he would get when his father came home to try to frighten me again. His punishment was that he could not go to the birch creek to spear fish as he had planned. There could be no greater punishment in those days for a boy than to tell them they could not spear fish. Men, boys, and some times, girls and women would come for miles to catch fish in the birch creek.

They would bring a basket made of wire. Cut pitch pine knots from the old pine stums along the bank of the creek. Then fasten a wire to one side of the basket, the other end to a long pole. Fill the basket with the pine knots. Then set fire to the knots in the basket making a big blaze lighting up the bed of the creek so a man could hot it over the water. That was called a Jack light.

We had a big east room upstairs and two bedrooms. From

the east room we could see the white caps and waves lash the shore when there was a storm.

I have seen boats wrecked on the lake and heard men cry for help. Two men came ashore on a spar holding a table for a sail. Mr. Caves took them to Lakeport two and one half miles to telegraph for help.

We had a large kitchen with a bedroom off of it. A large pantry with a door leading to the cellar where we kept our apples and vegetables for winter. A big woodshed was attached to the east end of the kitchen where we done our washing and ironing. Mr. Caves built an ice house and milk room back of the woodshed.

We had a nice orchard with all kinds of fruit, a sein to catch fish and boats to go on the lake. We were a happy family.

All kind of wild berries grew around there in abundance. We children all like to pick berries. One day Sister Sadie and I were in the woods. We saw nice lot of berry bushes growing on both sides of a log. I stood on the ground and Sadie got on the log which was rotten and hollow. It broke through with her and a big milk snake had her nest of young in the log. When it broke the mother snake opened her mouth and the little ones ran down her throat. Sadie came screaming off the log. We ran away and left the berries for Mrs. Snake and her family.

We would often see striped snakes crawling along the bushes eating berries. We always left that patch of berries. We girls were not brave enough to face the snakes unless our brothers were there to kill them.

In those days the berries were nearly all wild. I do not remember seeing tame berries except strawberries.

The farm joining ours was owned by a Jew named Freedman who lived in Detroit. He rented it by the year. We never knew who was going to be our neighbor. One year the son of a southern planter lived there. His father had lost all of his slaves and property during the war. They were very poor people. The man was sick most of the time. One morning when we were going to school the little children were picking sorrel. That is a sour leaf that grows in the grass. They said that was all they had to eat. We went home and told mother. She sent them food for supper and breakfast. The next day Mr. Caves took the horses and wagon. He went across Black River and got enough food to last until their father was able to work in the harvest. They gathered driftwood to burn. The next fall they all went south. Some of their relatives learned of their condition and sent for them.

The next farm of two hundred and ten acres was owned by a man named Johnathin Birch who years before had come from the state of New York. Bought timber land. Built and operated a saw mill on Birch Creek which was named after him. The township of Birchville was also named after him. When he left New York he left a wife and two daughters. He was to send for them as soon as he had a house built. He did not build for over a year. Then he built what was a beautiful house for those days in the country. It was a three story frame building. The basement had a kitchen, bedroom, pantry, fruit and vegetable and milk room. The well with a pump was in the cellar at the foot of a stairway which led to a six foot hall on the second floor. The basement was where the hired man and his wife lived and cooked for the farm hands.

On the east side of the hall on the second floor was a

small kitchen and a large dining room where you could see the boats passing on Lake Huron. The west side had a large sitting room and two bedrooms. A back door opened from the hall on a small stoop. A front door opened on a big wide steps which led to the ground. An open stairway five foot wide led to the second floor and on the west side was a dance hall the length of the house. On the east side were bedrooms and a sitting room off of which was a wine and whiskey closet where it is said Mr. Birch and an Indian woman imprisoned a young squaw until she consented to marry him for so many moons.

The story is when he had finished his home he invited all the surrounding country people to a dance. An Indian woman who had married a white man in the neighborhood came and with her a beautiful Indian girl, her daughter. Her father was white. She had the features and coloring of a white girl. Mr. Birch fell madly in love with her. Marriage meant nothing to the Indians in those days. Why to be married for a number of moons her mother had married four white men and had a child by each. This being her youngest child and the only girl she was anxious to marry the big white chief. The Indian maid was imprisoned and fed whiskey until she consented to marry him. Mr. Birch never sent for his wife. After his daughters grew up and were married their mother died. They came to Michigan to see their father and found him living with a squaw. As Mrs. Birch grew older she looked like a full blooded squaw. They had four girls and three boys. The youngest boy was so lazy he would never work. His father said he had too much white man in him to fish and not enough Indian to hunt. Mr. Birch deeded eighty acres of land to each of his white daughters by his first wife.

On the opposite side of the road he built a drive barn

where he kept his horses. And a large barn for hay, grain and feed.

Up at the mouth of the creek where it emptied in the lake he built his saw mill, bought a big house that John Cole a lumberman had built for a tavern to board and sleep his men who worked in his saw mill.

Two of his girls were beautiful. One married a Dr. in Lexington. The other a painter. The other two who showed their Indian blood married two brothers who had negro blood.

After his wife died in New York state and his two daughters came to Michigan Mr. Birch drank and gambled more than ever. He soon lost all his property except the farm I have described.

When we moved to our home on the lake shore his youngest son lived in the basement with his wife and four children. Two years later they moved in the house south of his. His baby was sick and died. Mrs. Birch sent for her mother. She came and found them destitute with only one of the children back to Cadillac with her. When Ransom the husband went up there they had the doctor tell him he was coming down with a fever and would die in Cadillac. He went home and his wife got a divorce for non support.

Mr. Birch, his wife and Oliver, another son and his wife lived in the two upper stories. When the place was sold under mortgage Oliver went to Pt. Huron and opened a saloon. Mr. and Mrs. Birch went to Jeddo to live with their daughter where they lived until they died, him dying first.

We children had a happy life going to school, doing our part of the work. Running up and down the beach, picking berries, climbing trees and swimming in the lake. The boys would make rafts and we would go out on them. One day Charley turned the raft upside down with us children. Since I was grown I can not under-

stand how we escaped being drowned. In the winter we would skate on the lake and climb big icebergs where the water on the other side would be open, probably fifty feet deep.

Uncle Ben Baker lived seven miles west of us. It was always such a treat for we children to go there. We would often go and stay two weeks. Such fun as we would have. The summer was here. Neldo and I coaxed Mother to let us go. We could walk.

She made us a lunch and we started one sunny morning to be gone two weeks. Neldo had ten cents he could spend at Jeddo. Before we reached there he asked me what I would like. I decided a bunch of raisins was what I wanted. He said, "I think I will buy a piece of Lady Twist tobacco." I told him he could have some of my raisins. "You can't have any of my tobacco as only men chew that," he answered. After buying the raisins and tobacco we had two miles to walk before reaching Uncle Ben's. I ate some of the raisins, keeping most of them to share with my cousins.

Neldo took a big bite of his tobacco saying he would not have to keep any as girls did not chew. When we were half a mile from the house Neldo laid down by the roadside. He was so white I feared he would die. What was the matter we did not know, until he became so sick he vomited. Then he felt better. "I think it must have been the Lady Twist," he said as he threw away the piece he had left. "I do not see why men chew such stuff. I am glad, Josie, I just let you touch your tongue to it or you would have been sick." I helped him get to the house. After he had eaten supper he felt better.

The next morning we were ready for play. We played on what was called the Baker Island. It was made by a bend in Black

River. The constant flow of which, for many years had washed away the earth leaving a plot of ground which formed a beautiful island. This was owned by the Baker family. Uncle Ben had cut trees making a bridge of the logs large enough so he could drive a team across. Children would cross this bridge to gather butternuts and all kinds of wild berries which grew in abundance.

He had left the branches growing on the outside log on each side of the bridge. There were many water snakes in Black River. They would crawl on these branches to sun themselves on warm days. The children who were brave enough would knock them back in the water using long sticks. I never was brave enough for that.

Other days were spent in hunting and breaking turtle eggs. I remember one day we broke over two hundred eggs we found in the sand.

Uncle Ben's house was built at the bottom of a big hill. We children used to lie down at the top and roll to the bottom. Grandfather Baker's house was built at the top of the hill. Black River ran at the foot of the hill back of the house. A vein of clay ran through the river bed. We children would wade in the river and dig out the nice light colored clay and model images out of this clay. It surely was great fun.

The last time we children were there was at Christmas time. We walked the seven miles and my toes were frozen. Kind Uncle Ben took snow and rubbed our feet while Aunt Clara made hot biscuit. We had them for supper with honey. They had a bee house filled with honey in barrels and in the comb.

Christmas eve Uncle Ben cracked butternuts and popped corn.

I think he must have cracked over a bushel of nuts as there were many children. We would crack the beach nuts with our teeth. The corn was put in a long pan on the table. Each child was given a dish filled and as fast as we emptied it it was refilled.

The spring I was thirteen Grandmother sent for Neldo and I to come and stay with her. Aunt Sarah was going to visit some friends. We were there two months.

After she came home, Mr. Beard, one of the men who owned the gravel road that ran into Pt. Huron came to see if grandmother and auntie would collect the toll at the toll gate three miles out of Pt. Huron. This gravel road was twelve miles long. The toll was two cents a mile.

After much deliberation they decided to go. That was the last time I ever lived in that house. Grandmother sold the farm that summer. When we had lived at the toll gates a short time Uncle Nelson Glassford came to visit us. When he went home he coaxed me to go home telling grandmother the advantages of the schools were so much better in Copac than the country schools. Mother and grandmother had decided they would make a school teacher of me as I learned very easily. There were many teachers in our family. Mother, Grandmother, great grandmother were teachers besides a good supply of uncles, aunts and cousins who also taught.

Aunt Lucinda was very kind to me doing everything to make me happy. She made me pretty dresses and took me to school. I think the best time I had while there was when Aunt Lucinda and I were pitting cherries. We were pitting them and putting them in a steamer forgetting it had holes in the bottom. Suddenly I looked down and there was a pool of cherry juice all over the floor. She had the steamer on her lap with the cherries in and the juice had

wet her clothes through and was in a regular puddle on the floor. I can tell you we had some hearty laugh over that. When I had been there a week I began to want mother. I was the only child in the house, which was built just outside the city limits where Uncle Nelson had a big farm. His two boys had charge of the farm and they lived in Capac with their families.

I stayed seven weeks and cried so much they took me home. I wanted mother. I stayed at home and finished the term at the Birch school.

After school closed in the spring Mrs. Losey, 'one of our neighbors' wanted me to stay with her during haying and harvest. Mother let me go as it was only one mile from home. Mrs. Losey had never had any children. She gave her affection to a great big dog she had trained to do all manner of things. Even teaching him to sing the notes. She would put her mouth to his ear and sing do - re - me. He would do the best he could trying to imitate her.

Will Smith, a young man who was an orphan, lived with them. His father, who had belonged to a life saving crew in England, was drowned. When Will was small his mother married again and came to the United States. She had been dead four years. Will was twenty-one and had received money enough from England to buy forty acres of land. Mr. Losey was working it for him that summer.

Will was my first beau. He was six foot tall with black hair and black eyes. Was sick with chills and fever nearly all summer. I used to take him water to drink and make toast for him. When he was better he wanted to take me to the meetings at the Birch school house. It was used as a church. Mother would not let me go

out with him that summer saying I was too young. I would be fifteen the next spring in March. Then I could go.

He worked in the woods in Bay City that winter. When he came home in the spring he came to see me. Mother let me go with him to the meetings and places of amusements. In June he asked me to marry him. I told him I would. The day was set for the fifteenth of October. After we were engaged he became very domineering. I did not like that and told him in August I would not marry him.

My next beau was Joe French who Will had introduced to me. He came to see me all the following winter. His brother Wash came to see my sister Sadie. We four certainly had a wonderful time all winter. The boys had beautiful horses and good cutters. We went every place there was to go.

In March Grandmother sent for me to go down to the toll gate and stay with her. Aunt Sarah had married and gone to live in Port Huron. Neldo had been staying with Grandmother, He wanted to go to Cadillac, a lumbering town about two hundred miles from Port Huron. I quit school and went to stay with her. Instead of teaching school I would learn dressmaking. Grandmother gave up the toll gate and went to board with Auntie.

Uncle Robert's mother lived with them. She seemed to be jealous of Auntie which made it very disagreeable for Grandmother.

A windower who lived near them asked Grandmother to marry him.

She accepted him, they were married at aunties. He was seventy years and she was seventy-two.

They lived happy for two years when Grandmother fell and

broke her hip. She passed away three weeks later, May 1884.

When she died her grandchildren lost one of the dearest grandmothers a child could have.

Her property was equally divided between her five children who all mourned for her.

The spring of eighteen forty one I met the man who was destined to appear at intervals during my whole life.

The fall before a man by the name of Hillock came from Canada who bought the old Birch farm and the place known as the Wade farm.

The house on the Wade place was larger than the one on the Birch farm. The Hillock family was large. They lived in the Wade house. It was the house used by Jonathan Birch for his men who worked in the saw mill.

Mr. Wade bought the place from him years before.

The house was built about five hundred feet from the water's edge of Lake Huron.

The walk was bordered with maple trees. The French door opened in a spacious hall. The wide open stairway led to the second floor. On either side of the hall a door opened in the north and south parlors.

Off the north parlor was a large room which was built for a barroom where a man years before was killed in a drunken fight. At that time this house was used for a stopping place halfway between Pt. Huron and Lexington.

At the end of the hall a door opened in the dining room, also one from the north parlor.

Opening from the dining room was a big kitchen, opening from that was the summer kitchen with a big range and long kitchen table. Many times have I helped to do the baking to fill that table with mince, apple, pumpkin pies. Marble and rolled jelly cakes and a large jar of cookies.

On the second floor there was a large front room that was used as a spare room. The occupants could look out over Lake Huron and see the angry waves on a windy day or the placid blue waters as the boats sailed majestically by.

At the north corner of the house a rain barrel and wash bench stood under the spreading branches of a big weeping willow tree where the hired men washed. Large barns and out houses were built for hay, grain and cattle. A well with a windmill was near one corner of the house. That provided water for the house and also pumped water in the barns for stock.

A walk of five hundred feet under silver maple trees brought you to the high bridge that spanned the river at the mouth of Birch creek where it emptied into Lake Huron. The saw mill had been torn down but we could see the spiles and tiling where the dock stood where, in earlier days the boats loaded lumber cut at the Birch mill. Back of the barns the Birch creek flowed with thornapple trees shading its banks.

Mrs. Hillock used the room from the north for a bedroom.

Around this room hangs a legend. The ghost of the murdered man came back at frequent intervals to visit the place of his former battles.

The family were using it at this time as a sleeping room.

One of the boys slept there alone being more courageous or less superstitious than his brothers. The following spring his father hired a man not overly clean that they put to sleep in the haunted room along with the boy already occupying it, much to said boy's disgust.

Old Shep the farm dog had burrowed a hole under the floor of this room to be near as possible to the boy as they were great chums. Just as the two occupants of the room became sound asleep Old Shep tired of chasing rabbits sought his bed under the house. Now one of the clapboards had become loose at one end and sagged down. In crawling under he rubbed his back against it making considerable noise. This awoke the sleepers and Abe the hired man who was familiar with the legend of the haunted room jumped out of bed with a yell. The ghost he shouted. I just saw him come through the window.

The boy tried to convince him that it was only the dog crawling under the house but Abe would not be convinced. He grabbed his clothes and made for the other part of the house.

This reminded the boy of an incident he had read in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The next day he secured a long bottle, broke it in two and placed the neck end in a knot hole in the siding just above the window. The next night Abe who had been jibed and scoffed at all day screwed up enough courage to try the haunted room again.

As on the night before they had just nicely got to sleep when the wind began to blow and the way that neck bottle began to moan and wail would have stirred envy in the heart of a real ghost. Abe as previously, awoke first, listened an instant,

snatched his overalls from the foot of the bed and without stopping for his shoes tore out of the room and house. He never stopped running until he reached the home of his parents two miles away. Thus the boy got rid of his unwelcome bed fellow.

Sister Sadie and I were having such good times going to school and cutter riding to give much thought to our new neighbors, who consisted of three young men, one invalid daughter, a sixteen year old girl and three smaller red headed-freckled faced boys. Jane the young girl and her brother John went to school. We walked one half mile together at night going home from school. She going one half mile north and we one half mile south when we parted.

We liked her but she was very sarcastic and thought her brothers were the only young men in the neighborhood who knew anything. They had been raised in a small town in Canada. The second oldest one met my cousin Clara Fuller when they first came from Canada. Her father was a wealthy farmer. After Mr. Hillock made inquiries and found Mr. Fuller's financial standing was good he gave his consent to Alex paying court to Clara.

That disposed of one son that winter. Aaron the eldest boy was in Canada all winter. Isaac was compelled to stay at home as there were only two overcoats among the three boys. Aaron had one and Alex used the other.

During the winter Jane asked us to visit her at her home. Mother would not let us go until Jane came to see us. She said people would say we went to see the boys.

Spring was here and the school term ended. One day Mr.

Hillock stopped his team in front of our gate and Jane climbed down from the wagon. Came in the house and spent the afternoon and had supper with us staying until her father came back from Lakeport where he had gone on business.

Before leaving she made mother promise Sadie and I could spend Sunday with her. I never forgot that Sunday. It came on the seventh of May, 1881. I was then sixteen.

Mother dressed Sadie and I as near alike as she could. She never should have done this as I was very fleshy while Sadie was slender. I was fair and she had dark hair and beautiful brown eyes.

We wore dresses of white lawn with a small red flower and green spray running through them. A red lace shawl, black hats with a band of red ribbon.

As we were coming up the walk we saw one of the boys seated in the south window reading a book.

It was a beautiful day. The hall door stood open and Jane came down the stairs just as we stepped up to the door. We went in. She introduced us to her brother, Isaac. He had been reading and watching for us to let her know when we were coming.

Mrs. Hillock was in the kitchen superintending dinner which was served in the big dining room at two o'clock on Sundays.

After dinner we girls helped with the dishes. Then the young people went down to the beach and spent the afternoon in the cedar grove which grew in front of the house along the beach. By supper time the house was filled with company. We had supper then walked through the fields to the Birch school house where

Elder Travers held meetings. The boys and girls all paired off each by walking with one of the girls. As we went out of the door Isaac asked me if he could walk with me. I thought him the best looking and most interesting boy I had ever met. He was twenty years old.

After meeting was over when we came out of the school house he asked to walk home with me. I was standing beside mother. She answered saying they were there with the wagon. Sadie and I could ride home.

When the horses started Isaac and Aaron jumped in the back of the wagon, and rode as far as the corner. Cousin Ed Fulton walked home with Jane. Alex taking Clara home.

Before we left the school house James Linsie made the announcement, officers for the Sunday School would be elected the next Sunday. All the young people were to attend. He asked us to attend Prayer meeting the next Thursday evening which we all did. Isaac walked home with Sadie and I.

The school house was filled the next Sunday. The young people had decided to elect officers, which they did. Harvey Fuller, Superintendent; Alex Hillock, assistant; Isaac, Bible class teacher. I taught a class. Everything was done by the young people. It was a success.

In June we gave a garden party or social in Uncle Hugh Fuller's orchard to help raise money to pay the Minister his salary which, I think, was four hundred dollars a year with free use of the parsonage to live in.

The fruit trees were pink and white with blossoms. Chinese lanterns hung from the branches lighting up the whole orchard.

Long tables were made from boards and filled to

overflowing with all kinds of good foods. Fried chicken, cold sliced ham, pickles, cakes, pies and jellies.

The seats were made by taking long boards the length of the table, placing either end on a chair then putting two chairs in the center of the board to strengthen them.

The neighbors donated the use of the chairs and dishes, each bringing his share of the food which was served.

The nicest looking cakes were kept to be sold at auction. Mr. Spaulding doing the auctioneering.

After supper had been served the tables cleared, each one taking her dishes and a share of the cut cake and other food which was not used on the tables, the auctioneer would mount the platform and begin.

"Who wants this nice cake for five or ten cents," whichever was being bid.

The cake I took was called a pyramid cake.

It was baked in four different size cake pans. The first was a flat bottom three quart, the next a two quart pan, then a one quart and the top cake was baked in a teacup.

After frosting the largest cake the next one was placed on it and frosted until all four cakes placed on top of each other looked like a miniature mountain of snow.

We would put frosting made from the beaten whites of eggs and sugar over them about three times.

On the last coating before it was dry we would place candies of different shapes and colors. At the top of the smallest cake an ornament was placed making a beautiful pyramid.

The cake mother made for me was the last one to be sold. It was getting late. The clouds were getting blacker.

There were distant sounds of thunder. Seven dollars had been bid on the cake. Mr. Spaulding was going to knock the cake down to Isaac when Jake Malum rode up on horseback and shouted "I bid five cents."

Then the excitement began. The two boys bidding against each other. Jake saying he was not going to allow Hillock to take home Miss Wheeler's cake.

The bidding was fast. The storm was getting nearer. We could hear the distant roll of thunder. Mr. Spaulding shouted eleven dollars and fifteen cents has been bidden. Is the cake going to Hillock. Mr. Windsor, our county blacksmith shouted, "I bid five cents." That is where the boys lost out, each waiting for the other. The cake was knocked down to Mr. Windsor for five cents amidst cheering and shouts of laughter just as the rain began to fall.

Everyone hurrying to get under shelter, the women running to the house, men to the barns. It proved to be just a passing shower. Ed took Jane home in his two seated buggy. Isaac and I riding in the back seat. It was on our way home.

That night on the way home Isaac put his arm around me and drawing me closer to him asked me to promise him not to let Joe French come to see me.

Early in the evening Joe and Wash came to the party. They had intended taking Sadie and I to the party.

We had not seen them for about six weeks. They were home helping their father with the spring seeding. He lived at Richmond forty miles from where we lived.

Jane, Sadie and I were on the committee. We went early in the afternoon.

When the boys came they found Joe and Wash at our table, heard them ask us to let them take us home.

It was easy for me to tell Isaac I would not go with Joe again as I did not care for him and I liked Isaac more than I had ever liked any boy.

When Aaron and Sadie were ready to go home he went to the barn to find his younger brother had taken the buggy and left a horse for him. They had to walk home, Aaron leading the horse behind.

We attended Sunday school every Sunday. Tuesday nights practiced singing. Thursday night was Prayer meeting.

The attendance was good on those nights. All the young people going, each one having their part to do.

I didn't realize at the time but years later I knew it was more to meet our beaux than to do our religious duty.

We were a happy carefree lot, always joining in singing the beautiful hymns, bowing our heads at prayer even if we girls silently laughed all during the time which we often did. Youth can not be serious at all times.

Sometimes we were planning where we would meet the next Sunday after Sunday school. Other times while the Sisters and Brothers were offering up prayers we girls with bowed heads would plan the making of a dress some one of us had, or the remodeling of an old one, or tell each other some secret we had been wanting to tell.

There were times we thought of nothing but our prayers. We would pray as earnestly and devoutly as the older people thanking God for all he had done for us believing in him and asking him to guide us through this stormy life.

It was great sport to go in when the wind was blowing. Four girls would hold hands; as a big white cap would come we would all raise up at the same time high enough to keep our heads out of the water.

Once when I went to dive my big toe caught in a hole in my dress. I went down very fast. The dress gave way. I came up all right but a little frightened.

The sixteenth of July Isaac told me he loved me, asked me to marry him. I loved him and promised to be his wife.

We decided to keep our engagement a secret. Just tell Sadie, Alex and Clara. When Alex asked Clara to marry him I was the first one she told. She and I had been school chums all the time. We attended Birch school, we telling each other all our secrets.

When Isaac asked me to marry him I was so happy I had to tell someone. I knew Sadie nor Clara would not tell. I was very much in love. When a young girl of sixteen loves she cares nothing for money. It's just her sweetheart to her. He is a hero, perfect in her eyes. She sees none of his faults or weaknesses.

We must keep our secret from our parents. They would say we were too young to marry.

When Will had asked me to marry him I did not realize the difference between love and sympathy. He was alone with neither parents, brother nor sister. His loneliness appealed to me. When he asked me to marry him I said yes not realizing what I was doing. Mother did not object, thinking, I suppose, I would have a good home. I soon learned it was not love I felt for him.

How wonderful is love. It makes the sun shine

brighter, trees look greener, the flowers take on a different hue.

How happy we were with our secret. Each time Isaac came he would tell me how much greater was his love.

I never tired of him repeating the world old words of how I love you.

There was to be an oyster supper at Mr. Hillock's. I was at Cousin Clara's. Ed was taking us in the cutter.

While crossing the bridge over the Birch Creek the horse choked from a tight collar it was wearing.

It fell over the railing taking cutter, Ed and I with it. Clara jumped. The horse broke through the ice. I went down between the ice and the shafts of the cutter.

I was wearing a long ulster. It caught on the horns of the harness and held me. The horse was so badly choked it did not struggle until after they had taken me from the icy water.

Mr. Stotts one of the neighbors was passing with a sleigh load going to the supper. They wrapped me in blankets taking me with them.

That night Mrs. Hillock became suspicious of our secret.

My frozen clothing was taken off. I wrapped in a wool blanket. Bottles filled with hot water were put in the bed around me. I was kept there until after supper.

Isaac carried a bowl of oyster soup to my room. He and Sadie stayed with me nearly all the evening.

We could hear Mrs. Travers the Minister's wife playing the organ; the older people were singing hymns.

When Isaac, Sadie and I went down stairs the young people were in the back parlor playing games. One of the favorite games was called the needle eye.

It was played by placing two chairs with the backs opposite leaving space to walk between them. A boy and girl would stand on either chair clasping hands holding them high above the open space. The boys and girls who wanted to play the game would join hands forming a circle. Marching between the chairs under the clasped hands of the boy and girl who were standing on them. They would all join in singing.

The needles eye that does supply
The thread that runs so truly,
There is many a lass I have passed
Because I wanted you.

As the last line was sung the boy and girl on the chair would drop their arms over a boy or girl passing underneath. The circle would stand still while they all sang.

Because I wanted you,
With a kiss so sweet, a bow so neat
There is many a lass I have passed
Because I wanted you.

If a boy was caught they would change the last two lines and sing,

There is many a beau I've let go
Because I wanted you.

The boy or girl who was caught would take the place of the one on the chair, the one getting down would join the circle repeating the same lines until all had been caught.

Another game was called,

"Over The River To Feed The Sheep."

This game was played about the same as the Virginia reel is danced.

While playing it we would all sing,

Over the River to feed the sheep
Over the river to Charley
Over the River to feed the Sheep
And get a load of Barley.

Pretty pink I suppose you think
I can not do without you
I will let you know before I go
I care but little about you.

We played this game mostly at taffy pulls, or just an ordinary party, never at any doings for the church as we were all good methodists and did not think it right to dance.

Other games such as Snap and Catch Them, Drop the Handkerchief, Picking and Handing Down Cherries, These were all/kissing games.

Our other amusements for the fall and winter were husking bees where all of us would husk corn in the barn by lantern light or out of the shack on a moonlight night.

We were served with a good supper after which we had lots of fun.

Then again we would be invited to a paring bee where we would pare, cut and string apples on a cord hang them up on a rack made over the stove near the ceiling to dry for the years use.

Going home we would often run horses trying to pass each other.

Sleigh ride parties were frequent. A big sleigh box filled with straw (a blanket was spread over the straw), all of us sitting on the floor of the box against the sides, each boy trying to sit by the girl he liked best.

Such laughing, singing and shouting. Those were happy days.

Our summer amusements were buggy riding, picnics, rowing on the lake and going to the big circus when it came to town.

The oyster suppers were always to help pay the Minister's salary, each boy always paying for the girl he had taken.

I did not go home with Clara as we had planned. Mrs. Hillock insisting on me staying there until the next afternoon.

The next day just before dinner Isaac came in with a two quart pail of nice oysters.

The night before while coming from the barn he saw a woman go to the back of the house and hide something in the snow.

After she had gone in the house he went and found this pail. He took it out of the snow and hid it in an empty rain barrel.

This woman always managed in some way to get a pail of oysters to take home from every supper she attended.

Mrs. Hillock made an oyster stew, telling Isaac he was no better than Mrs. Alto who had taken them.

That day before Isaac took me home Mr. Hillock said I should sue the county for damages. He said I could get five hundred dollars. He would swear to the condition I was in when I came to his house.

I told him I could not see why the county should be responsible for the collar on Edds horse being too small. He said the railing at the end of the bridge wasn't high enough for protection. It would be nice for me to have five hundred dollars. I could not see why the county was at fault and did not sue. If I had it probably would have changed my whole life as I would have had money of my own.

Alex and Clara's engagement was announced. Both families were well pleased. They would be married the twenty-seventh day of December. I had gone down to Grandmother's. She was teaching me to make buttonholes. I could do dressmaking the next summer.

Clara had planned on Isaac and I, her brother Harvey and his girl Ella Steeker to stand up with them when she was married.

Alex was going to Pt. Huron. He was to bring me home. His father was with him. He said there was no time to go for me that day. I could come later. I was to go to the wedding with Isaac. I did not get home until after the night before the wedding. There was no word for me concerning their plans.

The next day when they were loaded in the sleigh Mr. Hillock told Isaac there was no room for me. He could take Anna Rutledge. She was visiting them.

That is where Isaac made the first mistake. He should have resented the slight to me and stayed from the wedding or insisted on my being there. He did not realize it until long after.

When he came to see me that night he told me they had all had such a nice time and explained why he did not come after me. I was very unhappy about it but did not let anyone know how I felt.

When Clara came home she came to see me and told me she was so disappointed when she found I did not come with Isaac, but it was too late for Edd or Harvey to go after me, as they both were late in getting there with their girls.

From then on Isaac was unable to come to see me as often. His father kept him busy doing chores until too late to come.

By Spring Mother had heard the rumor that Mr. Hillock objected to Isaac going with me. Mother naturally resented it and wanted me to tell Isaac not to come. I was too

much in love to even think of such a thing.

He came one Sunday evening. Mr. Caves refused to speak to him. The next time he came Mother showed by her actions he was not wanted there.

A Canadian woman kept busy going from Mrs. Hillock to Mother then back to Mrs. Hillock making all the trouble she could.

Isaac would come to see me telling how much he loved me and begging me not to listen to anything I heard and always love him.

I do not think a girl could love her sweetheart more than I did.

Mrs. Dr. West wanted a sewing girl. She had four children and was expecting another one in September. Mother let me go. I stayed there all summer.

Isaac came to see me. He always came on horseback. He had twelve miles to come. Each time he came we would say we would never let our people part us, our love was too great.

One day Dr. West was called down to see Esther Hillock who was an invalid. He was asking Isaac when he was coming up.

When he went to go home Mr. Hillock followed him out to the buggy and asked him if Isaac went to see me, saying he had forbidden him going. Doctor said Isaac told him we were to be married.

Mr. Hillock said the idea of my son Isaac marrying poor Josie Wheeler. We knew what the trouble was. He wanted him to marry ready money as Alex had.

When Clara and Alex were married her father gave her a cow, twenty live hens, eight sheep, two pigs and money

for furniture. Aunt Annie, her Mother gave her dishes, quilts, pillows, bed linen, feather ticks for two beds, rag carpets for two bedrooms and a large living room.

Mr. Hillock borrowed the money Uncle Hugh had given her for furniture, he buying her furniture on credit later. Clara paid for it with butter and eggs. He also sold four of her fat sheep and used the money.

Isaac was better looking than Alex. He had auburn hair and brown eyes. I thought him handsome. Why couldn't he marry a girl with pigs, hens, sheep and a cow. There was Eva Graham, the Cole girls besides many others their fathers were all willing to have their daughters marry one of his boys. No Isaac should never marry Josie Wheeler that was final.

I went from Mrs. West's to stay with Grandmother to finish my sewing lessons.

I stayed there nearly all winter. Isaac did not come often to see me.

Alex and Clara came often to see me. I was to do sewing for Clara.

When I reached home I found Isaac had been taking another girl home from the meetings.

Elder Travers was holding revival meetings at the Birch school house, had been for the past two weeks.

Mother said now was my chance to quit going with him. If he cared for me he would never have taken another girl home.

I went to meetings with my stepbrother Dannie who never failed me. When we arrived the school house was crowded. Isaac sat up nearly to the front of the school house.

Sarah sat in the center seat. I had to sit in the very back next the door. I think everyone in the school house saw me when I came in, excepting Isaac. Sarah whispered something to Eva Graham and they both laughed.

While the members were telling their experiences I was trying in my mind to form some plan that would let Isaac know I was at the school house.

An old lady whom everyone called Aunt Sib and old Mr. Ferrett always were the last one to testify.

I must think of something soon. Aunt Sib was telling she had a fellow feeling in her bosom for all the Sistern and Brethern. Soon Mr. Ferrett would be saying Thank God since he was no better he was no worse and for seventy years the winds had whistled through his branches and stripped them of their foliage, but thank God his old trunk stood as firm as ever.

After he sat down the Minister was asking all who wanted to be prayed for to arise and ask for prayers. Now was my chance. I arose and asked all the members to pray for me. When Isaac heard my voice he turned and looked at me in surprise. He knew I was there. I had accomplished what I wanted.

Isaac knew I was there. If he preferred Sarah to me this was his chance to let me know. In those days in the country when two were engaged no one expected them to go with anyone else. We had been engaged nearly two years. After the meeting was over and the handshaking all around the Crowd was leaving the school house Isaac passed Sarah and came down and shook hands with me. Dannie came and asked me if I was ready to go home. Isaac took my arm and said yes, but he was going with me. How little it takes to make one happy. I think I was the happiest girl at the meeting

When we started home I asked him who was going home with Sarah. I am not he said for my own girl is home. Then he raised my veil and kissed me telling me how he had missed me and I was the only girl he had ever loved and the only one he could ever love. He had gone home with Sarah twice that was through courtesy. Her brother saw them talking. He took another girl home and left Sarah. Isaac had to take her home.

The next time Isaac came to see me I told him what his father had told Doctor West. That made our love greater. No we would not marry until our parents gave their consent. Mother had told me she would much rather see me dead than marry him.

Clara and Alex were living in the Birch house. I would meet him there as neither Mother nor Mr. Caves spoke to him when he came to see me.

Mother had never forbidden me going with him but I knew she did not like it. The next afternoon I went to stay with Grandmother, from there to Uncle James. I did sewing for Aunt Annie. She had three little girls. I lived with them about four months until after her baby came then I went home and stayed until spring.

I was eighteen. Isaac twenty-two. He asked his father's consent to our marriage. If he would not give it he would go away and work. He was needed at home. It would save hiring a man. Mr. Hillock told him if he would stay at home until after harvest he would give him a deed to the Wintchel forty.

Isaac had been cutting wood for a man on the shore.

road. He gave the money to his father to make a payment on the land he was to get.

After he had underbrushed and cleared ten acres on the land he asked his father for the deed.

Mr. Hillock told him that it was made to his mother. He would have to get her to deed him the land.

When Isaac asked her for it she told him she would never give him anything until he had sense enough to marry a girl who had either prospects or money.

He came to me very much disappointed. He had intended showing me the deed and telling me his father had given his consent to our marriage.

We were all brought up to believe we should honor our parents and do just about as they wished us to do. Believing that he stayed at home and helped them all summer. His father said he could have what he would make the next winter.

My brother Neldo had been wanting Sadie and I to go to Cadillac.

When Isaac told me he had decided to stay at home, for the first time I was discouraged with him.

I then decided to go to Cadillac. I said goodbye to him, went down to Aunt Sarah McElroy, from there I went to Cadillac.

I had written Neldo when I would arrive but did not wait for an answer.

I expected him to meet me as I would not get in until ten o'clock at night.

When I arrived he was not there. A runner for the

Balfour House took me to the Hotel.

I asked him if he knew Neldo Wheeler. He did and said he would take me where he lived.

His landlady told me he was sick and had gone to the Hospital at Grand Rapids. I went back to the Hotel and stayed that night.

Neldo had not written home of being sick as he did not want to worry Mother. He had been sick three months.

What to do I did not know. I had only one dollar and thirty-five cents. My room would be fifty cents and breakfast twenty-five.

We did not get back to the Hotel until nearly eleven o'clock. I would not eat supper. I must save my money.

In the morning I walked two miles over to Harristown to find Ransome Burche's wife who had divorced him. She had been living with her mother.

When I reached there I found she had married and moved away.

Her mother sent me over to a brother of Mrs. Buck whom I had known. He was married and living with his mother-in-law. They kept boarders.

Mrs. Satterlee was very nice to me. Ella the married daughter had one child and was expecting another. Cora her younger daughter was to be married soon.

I had plenty of sewing. I sewed for forty cents a day, board and room.

I wrote to my brother. He came there and I paid his board with the money I earned.

His board was only two dollars and fifty cents a week.

Men worked ten hours for a days work at one dollar a day.

When the weather became sultry and hot Neldo went out in the country to stay.

While out walking he met a boy, Nick Rivers, whom he knew. Nick went home and told his mother Neldo Wheeler had consumption. She and Nick came after Neldo. He must go home with them.

He had helped her when Mr. Rivers died. She had never been able to pay him. Now she could repay him for his kindness by caring for him. He could stay until cold weather.

I was very glad of the help as Cora was married. I had all the sewing finished for them.

I was going to sew for a Mrs. Button whose husband kept a hotel in Cadillac. I could not make enough to pay my board and Neldo's. Fifty cents a day board and room was all I was being paid. Board was three dollars and fifty cents a week at that hotel.

I sewed there three weeks. The first work I did was for her little girl. I did nicely with that as I was used to making children's clothes.

Such a time I had with the velvet dress for Mrs. Button. The extension pleat was something new. She wanted one in her basque which was tight-fitting to the waistline and eight inches below over the front and hips. The pleat was made in the back seam below the waistline.

How to get that pleat I did not know. I worried and studied on it all the time I was sewing for her little girl. Tomorrow I must cut that velvet dress. The good Lord must have heard

my prayers as I slept that night, I dreamed just how to make that pleat.

I did not know much or I could have bought a pattern. I had learned to cut by a chart and thought I must cut everything by that.

Brother Neldo was growing worse. The weather was getting cold. I must write and tell Mother just what the doctor said.

The answer to the letter came. Sister Sadie would come to Cadillac if Neldo wanted to go home. Mother would send him the money. When he read the letter he was glad to go. He received the money the following week.

When Sadie received my letter she was living in Pt. Huron. She did not go home before leaving for Cadillac and did not know Mother had sent the money to Neldo. He left Cadillac for home the third day of December, eighteen eighty-three. Sadie had left Pt. Huron that morning for Cadillac. They passed at Saginaw not knowing it.

I had gone to sew for Mrs. Hogen in November making sheets, pillow slips and towels for the Hotel. I was there when Sadie arrived. After she came Mrs. Hogen said we could room if we would help her the days we did not have sewing.

We were very glad we would not have to pay board the days we were at home.

Mother was glad to see Neldo but very much grieved when she had taken him to Doctor Haywood, one of the doctors who had taken care of my father. He told her Neldo could not live long.

Isaac left home early in the fall. He wrote me he was going to start for himself but never wrote me what he was doing.

In October he went home, told his father he had a logging job. Mr. Hillock wanted to furnish the teams, they would go in partners.

After looking over the timber they came back hired men and teams to go in the woods. Mrs. Hillock and Clara went to do the cooking. Isaac came to Cadillac and spent a week at Christmas time. He was very enthusiastic telling me how much he would make.

When spring came the men were paid. His father took all the money they had made. It had been a bad winter, not much more to haul logs. Isaac was no better off than the year before.

Kiah Hogen loved Sadie the first time he saw her. When she came to Cadillac he met her at the train. She did not leave a sweetheart at home. She was free to go with him.

I had not went out with a boy excepting Isaac in over two years. I was taught an engagement was as sacred as marriage. After Sadie came she and Kiah always asked me to go with them. Other boys would ask me but I always refused.

The first of March we received a letter from Mother saying Neldo could not live much longer.

Sadie and I went home. It was hard to see an only brother and know he must leave us so soon.

When Sadie last saw him he was a beautiful boy of eighteen; now at twenty-two he must go where there is no returning. We could see death in his face.

When we arrived home we found the barn with grain, hay, six cows, four horses had burned the week before.

The only way it could be accounted for was a tramp had gone in the hay mow to sleep, had lighted his pipe and in some way had set fire to the hay. An old clay pipe was found in the ruins. Mr. Caves and ~~not~~ my stepbrothers did not smoke.

The night of the fire Mother was up with Neldo at

about twelve o'clock. She saw the reflection of the fire through the window. She ran outdoors. The barn was but a big blaze.

When Mr. Caves and the boys went out it was too late to save anything excepting the sheep and chickens which were in another building.

That was a heavy loss to them. They were insured in a company which was supposed to be reliable. They had been insured in that Company for years.

Each policy was taken out for three years. When the last one was made out Mother mentioned a seine which had been bought by my stepfather and one of the neighbors. The policy said anything owned in partnership should be specified.

The seine was put in the loft of the barn each winter.

Mother wanted the agent to change the policy. He said the Company would never let that make any difference even if the barn did burn.

Mr. Caves said they had been insured many years and never had a fire, there was no danger, let it go as it was.

When he tried to collect the insurance he could not get it because of the seine not being mentioned as being owned in partnership, it broke the policy.

Mr. Hillock and Isaac arrived home on Monday before I reached home. Isaac had written me he was helping his father take the teams home.

I had been to Uncle Hugh's for milk. When passing Clara's on my way home I saw Isaac. He asked me if he could come to see me that night.

Mother and I were in the room with Neldo when he came. I had told Sister Sadie he was coming. Sadie opened the door when he rapped.

When Mr. Caves saw who it was he left the room, came in and told Mother that scapegoat was here.

Mother asked who he meant. It's easy to know now that Josie is home.

I knew who it was. I went out and asked Isaac to come in and see my brother. They had never met. Mother and my stepfather both left the room neither of them speaking to him.

That night after he had gone Neldo said, that is the man who is making so much trouble for you.

Not so much, brother, as our parents are making for us.

When I asked him how he liked Isaac he said if I was only well I would know more what kind of a man he will make.

While visiting me in Cadillac Isaac had planned on our being married in the spring. Now everything was changed. Many years later Isaac told me he made eight hundred dollars that winter. His father kept it.

Neldo grew weaker each day.

Sadie and I had been home five weeks. Sister Lavinia was at Grandmothers. Mother sent for her to come home.

Saturday evening Neldo asked me to sit with him. He wanted to talk about the ones he knew in Cadillac.

He knew Sadie was going to marry Kiah Hogen. He asked me if I had met Murt Lovelace. If you have not you will as soon as he knows you are at Kiah's.

Do you remember Josie of me writing and telling you I had traded yours to one of the boys for one of his sister. Murt is that man. He will claim you.

He has told me many times just the kind of a girl he wanted for his wife. Your sister is a perfect description of her.

Then we talked of Bell Hawkins the girl who he was to have married. He knew he would never see her again,

That night about ten o'clock Isaac was coming from Pt. Huron. Seeing the lights in the house he came in to see how Neldo was.

He stayed with us about an hour when he left for home it was nice moonlight. A few minutes later there was no moon to be seen it was pitch dark.

Neldo and I talked of the darkness. He said Josie if you marry that man your life will be bright for just a short time then it will be the blackness of tonight.

I sat with him. He slept a short time, then asked for mother.

When she came we saw he was much worse. He passed away the next day at four o'clock it was. Sunday April eighteen eighty-four two days later he was laid beside our father in the Baker Cemetery.

One week later Sadie and I returned to Cadillac.

Isaac came to see me the night before I left for Cadillac.

His plans were to go up there in May. He would get work. We would be married.

Mother and I had talked about me marrying him. Very reluctantly she had given her consent.

Kiah met Sadie and I. It was Saturday night. Monday morning we began the spring sewing.

Sadie would be married in September, I sometime in the summer.

When not busy with other work we were making pretty clothes for ourselves.

Our dresses were alike. The material was steel grey brocaded silk, made tight-fitting basque waist, tight sleeves with an ecru lace cuff, small turnover white collar, the basque buttoned down the front.

An overskirt with pleats on the left front side the right side front hanging straight, the back was the same only the pleats were on left side of the back. An underskirt with twelve inch box pleating at the bottom.

June was here. In Isaac's letters he did not mention coming. I would not ask him to come.

In one of Clara's letters she wrote me he was spending his Sunday evenings with a girl who lived near them.

Idlewild, the summer resort was open. Kiah, Sadie and I were going over on the boat. Kiah came in and said Will Collins wanted to be one of the party.

When Sadie told him I did not want Will to go with me Kiah laughed and said we will be back before that fellow from your home gets here.

I had been in Cadillac over one year. This was the first time I had been any place for pleasure.

After I went that Sunday it was easier to go again. Will had two sisters living there. We all went out together.

Sundays Will's sisters invited us for dinner. She told me he was her only brother. They had come from Higgenswell, New York to Cadillac. His parents were getting old. They wanted him to marry and take care of them.

Before doing so he wanted to earn enough money to build an addition on the house which was to be his with the twenty-five acres if he took care of his parents.

His desire was to have a nice span of Bay Horses and a Phayeton.

He had left a girl at home waiting for him. I was the only girl he had paid any attention to since leaving home.

Mrs. Nicols liked me better than the girl at home, told me she was glad Will had met me.

Mrs. Rudd, his other sister, did not like me. She told me he was engaged to a girl back home whom he was going to marry.

That did not trouble me. I did not care for no one but Isaac. I told her I, too, had a sweetheart back home whom I was going to marry.

I was having a much better time than I had thought I could. Why should I stay at home all the time when Isaac was spending his time with Mrs. Moores sister.

When Will thought he was in love with me I would not see him again.

Mrs. Nicols, his sister came to see me and begged me to marry him as he loved me.

What about the girl who has waited two years for him. I asked her. Tell him for me its her he loves not me.

That fall he went back home, married the girl who had waited so long for him and lived happy ever after.

It was Sunday. Sadie and Kiah were in the sitting room. I went to the kitchen to make ice cream,

Kiah was having an addition of fifty feet built for a dining room with sleeping rooms on the second floor.

The old dining room, kitchen, sitting room and bedrooms had been moved back the fifty feet. The dining room was not finished but we were using it.

I was in the old room. It was a hot day. I had on a loose mother hubbard dress. My hair was hanging loose down my back.

The ice was cracked and packed with salt in a small washtub. I on my knees turning a pail trying to freeze the cream. Mr. and Mrs. Hogen had gone out for the day.

Someone spoke. I looked up to see a pair of laughing blue eyes looking at me.

I could feel the color come to my face as I realized how funny I looked on my knees turning a pail in half circles as though my life depended on it.

Loose dress, hair combed straight, back hanging down, the ends lying on the floor, the hair at either side was pinned to keep it from falling in my face.

I was singing: Just one year ago today, my love," a line from the song called "In the cottage by the sea."

I could see he wanted to laugh when he asked for Kiah.

I told him he was in the sitting room.

There is no hurry in seeing him, he said as he walked over and sat opposite me on a pile of lumber.

He then introduced himself as Mort Lovelace, not waiting for me to answer he said you are Josie Wheeler, a sister of my friend Neldo.

Then I remembered what Neldo had said the time we had talked.

He walked over offered his hand. Still kneeling I shook hands with him. I was wishing he would go when he offered to turn the pail for me.

I handed him the pail got up and sat in a chair beside the tub without speaking.

When he had been turning the pail a few minutes he looked at me and said Miss Wheeler I know you are from the farm and used to hired men.

I looked at him in surprise and asked why he thought so.

Farmers never talk to their help as they think they will work better if they are not disturbed.

You need not feel that way about me, as I expect to work a long time for you. Neldo gave you to me or we traded sisters the only thing he did not do you justice when describing you.

You certainly have the most beautiful hair I have ever seen.

I was glad to see Sadie and Kiah. I did not know how to answer this man.

Hello Murt what are you doing here, Kiah said as they shook hands.

Just came to congratulate you. I heard today you were going to marry one of Neldo Wheeler's sisters. I came to see which one. You are a lucky fellow to get a sister of Neldo Wheeler and I see its not interfering with my plans.

Kiah chopped and packed more ice and salt around the pail. The boys filled four dishes with the ice cream. We all sat on the lumber pile and ate it, Kiah telling us what a favorite Murt was with the girls.

When we had finished the boys went in the office.

Well sister what do you think of Murt Lovelace I asked Sadie.

I think he is the best mannered man I have ever met, not goodlooking but nice eyes, he talks with them.

That is the man Neldo traded sisters with. Evidently he has

not forgotten it. That is what he was telling me when you and Kiah came in.

Why, Joe, you must have made an impression, Sadie laughingly said.

I think I did, look at this loose dress, my hair flying around me.

Sister you do not realize how nice you look. I admire Murts taste.

The Mother Hubbard had just made its appearance in that small town.

Attractive in this loose dress, when we were expected to wear tight-fitting dresses. When I had finished dressing, wearing a tight-fitting dress which made a good display of hips and busts, Mrs. Hogen came in. We went to the kitchen to help with the supper. This was her girls day off. They had every other Sunday afternoon and evening.

Supper must be on the table at six o'clock. Platters of sliced cold meats, warmed over potatoes, cookies, cake, pickles, sauce, bread and butter. Each man helping himself.

Sadie waited table. Mrs. Hogen and I dishing up the food and pouring tea.

Kiah would come through the dining room always bring out a pile of dirty dishes to the kitchen.

As soon as the dishes were carried out I would begin washing them. When the boarders had finished eating I had all the dishes washed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogen, Kiah, Sadie and I always ate together. That night Kiah invited Murt to have supper with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogen were pleased to see Murt, he being a favorite, calling her Mother. There was much laughing and talking at the table. We were all happy.

After supper the boys came to the kitchen. Murt helped me with the dishes. Kiah swept the floor while Sadie arranged the dining room tables.

After everything was done we four went for a walk. It was too late to go to church.

Murt leaving for camp about ten o'clock. He was to meet three of his men who had come down with him on his velosopede.

When leaving he did not ask me if he could come and see me thanked me for the pleasant evening and said I would see him in a day or two before I could answer him he said good-night and was gone.

When I went through the sitting room Kiah laughed at me and said you will not get rid of Murt as easy as you did Collins. He will come and see you if he knew you was to be married next week. He would make you believe he did not believe it. I can not understand it but he never does a thing a girl takes offense at.

Kiah met Tom Graham in the hardware store. He congratulated him and said he had heard he was going to be married. He told him not to let Lovelace see his girl or he would take her from him. Kiah told him she had a sister.

He said Nellie likes Murt pretty well but I am not jealous there is not a man in Cadillac I like better than Lovelace.

Tom Graham was sixteen years older than his wife Nellie. He had been a neighbor to father Lovelace near Finlay City.

Tom had gone to Cadillac years before to go in the lumber business. He was successful but his business was the ruination of him. He became a heavy drinker.

At thirty one years of age he married a girl of fifteen years. Her father kept hatern and salon. After he was married he drank more than he ever had.

He met Murt on the street, knew him and took him out to

his country home which was a drive of two miles from Cadillac. He also owned a beautiful home on the hill in Cadillac.

They had just moved to the farm for the summer. He kept Murt all summer to look after the men who worked for him.

In the fall when he opened camps he made Murt one of his foremen, all the time treating him as one of the family.

That winter Nellie's baby was born. Tom drank more than ever leaving her night after night with no one but the hired girl for company while he spent his time in the saloons.

The next summer he took Murt to the farm to look after his men.

Nellie would put her baby in bed take a book and read until Tom came home or it was so late she knew he would not come home that night.

Murt and she began reading aloud to each other to pass the time.

Tom had become very abusive to Nellie when he was drinking, often striking her if she was alone when he came home.

He liked lemon pie expecting Nellie to always have one baked when he wanted it.

Tom had not been home for a week. Nellie had no lemons. When they baked the pies she made a filling and flavored it strong with lemon extract. When it was baked it looked like lemon pie.

He came home. They were at the table. He picked up the pie looked at it. Taking the plate by the edge he threw it at her saying you can not fool me.

The plate hit her on the cheek cutting it badly. She has a scar she will carry as long as she lives.

Murt took Tom to his room, put him to bed and locked the door. Then he and the hired girl took care of Nellie.

When he had slept and become himself he was very sorry and ashamed for what he had done.

He made Murt promise him to take care of Nellie when he was drinking.

He left them alone more than ever. Murt a boy of eighteen, Nellie only sixteen. Who could blame her if she loved him and did not care for her husband.

Murt has told me if he had been older Nellie may not have been as safe with him.

He liked Tom Graham who had taken him in his home as one of the family and given him a chance to make good. It would of taken years of work at his age to have been given charge of a camp.

No thought of wrong-doing entered his mind. Mellie to him was just an abused and neglected wife but a good woman.

The years passed Tom had whisky consumption, the doctors said he could not live a year. When he died would Nellie and Murt marry. Kiah told Sadie and I that Tom expected Murt to marry Nellie after he was gone.

When their friends would mention it Murt would always say he had never thought of such a thing. Tom to him was a big brother whom he loved.

Tuesday night, it had rained all day, would Murt come the nine miles in the rain. I had heard so much about him I was interested.

Sadie and I were in the sitting room. We heard Kiah coming he was laughing when he opened the door. Murt was with him, the water dripping from his raincoat.

Kiah said, just see what I caught in the shower. When Murt took off his raincoat and hat you would never have thought he had rode a velocipede nine miles through the rain.

We four spent a pleasant evening. Murt told us of one man who had been out drinking every night for a month and Murt got him sober as he would get delirium and tremors.

His plan was to have each of the seventy men he had charge of to tell this man he looked sick. When he left for home he had great hopes of sobering this man.

When he came down on Sunday he told us his plan had worked. Before noon they had the man in bed where he had stayed the balance of the week. Murt sat with him every evening telling him how badly he was looking.

Sunday morning he told the boys he had quit drinking, advised them never to take another glass. He was going to save his money. No one would ever see him drunk again.

It was the twenty-seventh of August. Tomorrow was a big day. The circus was coming to town. Sadie and I had worked in the kitchen all day baking pies, cakes, cookies and fried cakes.

A big jar of beans sat on the table ready for the oven.

Nuna and Pheobe were washing the dishes. Sadie had gone in the dining room to arrange the tables.

Kiah had brought in a bushel basket of potatoes he and I were going to ~~pare~~ ^{taken} them for the next day. He had them in the store room, put them on a box. I was taking chairs in to sit on.

Dick Barrad walked in the kitchen asked Kiah if he could help pare the potatoes.

Certainly you can. I haven't had time to go to the post office today. Kiah said as he handed Dick the knife.

We sat down with the basket between us. I had met Dick when I first came to Cadillac.

I had often thought how nice he would be if he did not get drunk.

He hadn't been drinking for three months. The boys used to tell him he must be in love. He told them he was. They asked him who the unfortunate girl could be and if she loved him.

He would laugh and say he had not asked her yet. He wanted her to know he could stop drinking, then he would tell her he loved her and ask her to marry him.

Dick was liked by everyone in the house. Here is luck to you and the lady they would say.

We talked about everything but love as we pared the potatoes. He telling me all about his home in Kentucky, his wonderful mother and sister. They wanted him to go home.

I asked him why he didn't go. Read this letter, you will know. He said as he handed me a letter written by his mother.

That is why you are on your good behavior getting ready to go home. Dick we are all glad you have quit drinking.

Kiah came in just as I took the letter out of the envelope.

He handed me a letter from Murt which I put in my apron pocket but not before Dick had seen the Jannings post mark on it.

When Kiah had gone I unfolded the letter which Dick had given me.

You will see that letter is for you as well as for me.

For me I asked in surprise as I began to read. first his sisters and then his mothers letter.

This is what I read.

Dear Miss Wheeler:

Come home and bring that brother of mine with you. If you are half as nice as he thinks you are we will all gladly welcome you.

I have finished school. All we will have to do is to enjoy

When I tried to withdraw them he looked at me and said Do not say no. If you are not going to marry Hillock take time and I will teach you to love me. Such love as mine creates love.

I am going to marry Mr. Hillock. I love him just as much as you do me.

Then why are you going with Lovelace. That letter Kiah brought was from him.

Murt knows I am going to marry Isaac Hillock. I have told him. He says when I marry it will be time for him to stop coming to see me.

Dick I am sorry you gave me those letters to read. I never thought of your caring for any girl. Your only pleasure seemed to be in drinking. Forget what you have told me. Go home and see your Mother and Sister. Thank them for me for their kindness to a strange girl. Dick I can never marry you.

If you love Hillock don't let Lovelace come to see you. If he wants you he will marry you.

There isn't a girl he can not go with. Even Tom Graham's wife loves him.

Sadie and Kiah came in to help with the potatoes. Dick gave his chair and knife to Sadie, he going to his room.

The work was finished. I went to my room to read the letter I had received from Murt.

I knew he would ask me to marry him. I wondered why Isaac, who had told me dozens of times how he loved me, stayed away when he had promised to come to Cadillac. He never mentioned coming in his letters.

I then thought of the dark night and brother Neldo saying my life would be bright only a short time if I married Isaac.

How he had told me he would like to see me marry Murt who was well liked by all who knew him.

ourselves. Mother is happy and writing Dick. Say yes and come at once. From Dick's sister Isobel.

Dear Dick:

I can not express in writing the happiness your letter gave me, the possibility of having you home with us again.

You say this girl is good, that is all I ask. There is plenty here for us all.

I will pray for your success. I, too, Dick wish you had lived a better life that is passed; and will live for the future.

I will send you a check for one thousand dollars as soon as I hear from you. I want to hear voices of your children in the old house before I die.

Give this letter to Miss Wheeler. She will know how gladly I will welcome her.

With love and best wishes from your Mother.

When I had finished reading the letter Dick reached over the potato basket taking both my hands in his. He told me how he loved me and wanted me to be his wife.

I have loved you for a long time. I know you had a sweet heart who came here to see you. When you were home in March Kiah told me he thought you would be married then.

You came back, went out with other boys. I thought there may be a chance for me.

Do you remember the day I watched you dress Bob's foot. I haven't drank a drop of whiskey since then.

When I saw sympathy in your eyes for a man who had been hurt while drunk I vowed then would quit drinking before it was too late.

Miss Wheeler, Josie will you marry me. Dick still held my hands. I had been too much surprised to even notice he had been holding them.

I opened and read Murt's letter.

August 1824
Camp

Dear Miss Wheeler:

Thou best of girls I want you to have and to hold until death do us part.

Enough of this. I can hear you say 'How foolish.'

I was working all day yesterday helping build a cabin for one of the men whose wife is going to do washing for the boys this winter.

Just before dark a log rolled on my foot. I could not wear my boot last night. Will be down as soon as I can.

I am going to ask you a question when I come. You can guess what it is. You may just as well make up your mind to say yes. I will keep asking you until you do.

Yours until death, Murt.

I had just finished reading the letter when Sadie came in. Another letter from Murt, she asked. Joe you will have to marry that man to get rid of him.

I wonder what Isaac will say when he realizes there are other men in the world besides himself.

What he needs is a good jolt to wake him up to the fact that you look just as good to other men as you do to him.

Sister and I told each other our little secrets. I gave her the letter I had received from Murt to read and told her of the nice letters Dick's mother and sister had written.

Sister Joe if it would not be unfair to Dick and he didn't drink and you would have to stay married it would serve Isaac right to marry Dick. Take him home, show the Hillocks there are men who does not want money with the girl they marry.

Sadie, I never could marry Dick. I do not care for him. If

Isaac would come up here we could have a nice time. He doesn't want me to go out with anyone. I get lonesome staying in the house when all the boys and girls are out having a good time.

Joe if I were you I would not stay in. He promised to come here this summer. Next month is fall. If he doesn't come by that time I would go with any one I wanted to.

Murt is good company. I would not be surprised if you learned to like him. Kiah says he is a fine fellow. We said goodnight. Tomorrow would be a busy day. The farmers for miles would be in town to see the circus.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer with the baby would sit on the high spring seat.

The wagon box would have straw in the bottom, a quilt or horseblanket would be spread over the straw to keep it from pricking the legs and feet of the children who sit on it. Some of whom would not have shoes and stockings to cover.

A big basket of food would have a prominent place in the wagon box for they would not have twenty-five cents to pay for each dinner.

Often there was no money to buy tickets. They would all watch the parade. The children were satisfied if they could see the elephants and would go home happy.

The more fortunate would come in two seated or single buggies. Go to the hotel for dinner.

The boys dressed in their Sunday best bringing their best girls with them. Some would wear calico, Swiss or Bunting made tight-waist and full skirt. Wide brimmed straw or leghorn hats with long ribbons flying in the wind.

Circus days was a red letter day to the farmer in those days.

I wore black. The only trimming was buttons and white collar.

We four walked out to the circus grounds. On our way home Murt asked me to marry him. I refused him, but consented to let him come and see me.

When we returned home Bob Abbott was in the office for the first time since May.

While trying to steal a ride he slipped and fell, the wagon wheel running over his toes crushing them. He was drunk at the time. He was brought to the hotel.

Kiah sent for Doctor Wardell the city physician who washed and bandaged his foot and was supposed to take care of it, the county paying the charges.

Bob was nothing but a drunk. The doctor thought it not necessary to give him much care. Even though he was a drunkard he could suffer.

I was passing his room. He called to me. I could see the look of pain in his face. I went to see what I could do for him.

He asked me to undo the bandage. His foot was paining him so badly. When he would try to sit up he would get so faint he could not do it himself.

When I undid it and took the bandage of, I found flies had got in and his toes were covered with maggotts.

I went down stairs. Kiah came up with me bringing a pail of warm water. He held the foot over a large bowl. I made a light suds with castile soap. Dipping a sponge in it I would squeeze the water over his foot, until it was thoroughly cleaned. We then covered it with salve and putting clean bandages on it.

When we had finished Bob was asleep.

Kiah went to the Doctor's office to find he had been on a fishing trip for four days, he would not return until the next day

The tables were ready in the new dining room. Dinner would be served at eleven thirty. We lived opposite the park which was crowded with eager children to see the parade as it passed. We were all upstairs looking out of the windows.

We were up at four in the morning. The work was done to give us time to watch the parade.

As far down the streets as we could see the sidewalk was lined with men who wore red macinaw shirts, high top corked heel boots, faces that had not felt a razor since the fourth of July.

Every lumberjack and riverdriver that could leave their work was down to see the circus.

This is a story the riverdrivers used to tell. A lumberman from Grand Rapids had taken his wife and daughter on a trip to the camps. While they were watching the riverdrivers at work the daughter asked her father if they ate hay. One of the men hearing her answered yes, and some of us have long ears and can bray.

Dinner was over. Dick came in and helped with the dishes. He said he had given Mitchel a months notice to get another book-keeper. He was going home. If in that time you should change your mind I will be the happiest man in Cadillac.

If you do not I am going to prove to myself that in knowing and loving you it has made a man of me.

Supper was served for Prencient at five o'clock, the regular boarders would eat at six fifteen. Sadie and I helped until the last tables were filled. I helping with the dishes, she in the dining room.

Murt was down. Sadie and I were dressed for the circus. We were wearing white embroidery dot Swiss skirts made full with deep hem, velvet waists made tight-fitting, coming three inches below the waist-line, pointed front and back. Sadies was dregs of wine.

Kiah left word for him to come to the hotel as soon as he came in.

About two o'clock the next day he came in to see Bob. I had washed and dressed the foot that morning.

Proud flesh had set in one of the toes. It was necessary to amputate it. Taking his pocket knife he cut the toe off, then asked who had dressed the foot.

He said I had done it as well as he could. That was the last time he dressed the foot leaving it all to me.

Bob was not able to walk on his foot without a crutch until December.

Doctor Wardell collected the bill from the county never thanking me for the work I had done.

Bob's excuse for drinking was, the day he was to have been married his girl was buried. He drank to drown his sorrow. While telling me he bowed his head and wept, saying he knew she was an angel.

Do you think she would be happy, I asked him, if she knew of your wasted life here. Try and live as she would have wanted you to.

I never have thought of that, he said, I wanted to forget.

A Christmas present to Bob from the boys in the house was an outfit of clothing, money enough to take him to his home in Canada.

The following year Kiah and I received a letter saying he had married a sister of the girl who died, was happier than he had ever expected to be.

Sadie and I were busy sewing. She would be married in two weeks. I when Isaac came.

We were making all kinds of beautiful underwear, and night-gowns, trimming them with tucks and ruffles, lace and embroidery.

We each had one full set consisting of chemis, drawers, undershirt and nightdress which were trimmed with tucks shirring and hand crocheted lace and insertion. Saturday I received a letter from Murt, the first I had heard from him since circus night.

Camp, Aug. 1884

Dear Josie:

Thou paragon of perfection if it were possible for such a thing I would say my love for you is greater this week than ever before.

My thoughts and dreams have been all for you.

You were so honest with me in saying you could never marry me. You loved another better.

I will be just as honest with you. I am going to take you from that man if I can.

You gave me permission to come and see you as often as I wanted to.

You can expect me Tuesdays, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. I will ask you each time to marry me. Something tells me you will get tired of saying no. I will be there nearly as soon as this letter. Yours until death, Murt.

Murt came that evening. When leaving he was standing with his arm around my waist. Before I realized what he intended doing he stooped down and kissed me, saying good night, he went home.

Sunday about ten o'clock he came for me. He had accepted an invitation for dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Graham for us.

Murt looked very nice. He was wearing a cutaway coat, white stiff bosom shirt with gold studs down the front. Pearl cuff buttons, black trousers, specked with green, high collar and bow tie,

narrow rim low crown black felt hat, made to order boots which fit perfectly.

I found Mr. Graham looking badly. He dressed for dinner but went to bed as soon as he could after leaving the table.

Before leaving that night he made Murt promise to spend all the time he could with him. He told us he knew he would soon pass away.

Miss Wheeler, if I had only taken Murt's advice, I could have been a well man. But it's too late now. Whiskey has killed me.

Sadie would be married in a few days. We were finishing her dress. We saw a shadow, looked up to see Mr. Hogen standing in the doorway.

When he spoke his voice was unnatural. We knew he was drinking. He was what was called a periodical drunkard. It was nearly a year since he had finished his last spree. Sadie had never seen him drunk.

He was dressed in the height of fashion. It made no difference how much he drank, he never neglected his personal appearance.

His mustache and hair would be dyed black, while drinking he would wear two gold watches, the chains were fastened to cross the front of his vest. He carried a cane, wore a plug hat, never staggered. He was a pitiful sight, a man of about sixty years, six foot tall and fine looking.

He would drink until he had the delerium tremers. He would see snakes falling from the ceiling on him. Men would have to hold him in bed at times he would become so violent.

They would feed him whiskey gradually until he was sober then he would swear he would never touch another glass.

Mrs. Hogen came in the room where Sadie and I were. She said

Hogen is drunk again. I do wish Kiah did not have to see him.

Kiah was an only child whom his mother dearly loved.

Then she told us the life she had lived by being a drunkard's wife. With tears streaming down her cheeks she told us of her daughter Annie who had died three days after graduating from high school. Kiah was all she lived for. He would feel the disgrace of his father being drunk on his wedding day.

Sunday Murt came down. He and Kiah hired a livery team taking Sadie and I for a long ride in the country, came home ate supper and went to church. Came home ate lunch, Kiah and Murt preparing it.

That night before leaving Murt drew me to him and kissed me, asking me when I would say yes and marry him.

Tuesday was a busy day. Mr. Hogen drinking harder than ever.

Mrs. Hogen discouraged and sad, Kiah working hard wearing his wonderful smile. If he was disturbed or unhappy no one knew it.

The furniture had been delivered for two rooms over the new dining room. We were busy arranging them.

Mrs. Hogen had gone down stairs to see the supper was properly served, Sadie, Kiah and I were working in the last room when Murt came in. He had left camp early to join the family circle.

Sadie and I went down the back stairs to our rooms to dress for supper. She wore a dark red cashmere dress trimmed with black velvet ribbon, the waist was tight fitting, basque with narrow pleating cascaded down the front the skirt was full with two fine pleated flounces at the bottom.

I wore black heneretta made new market that is a tight-fitting waist extending about six inches below the waist line, knife pleating joined on the waist starting from the first front dart reaching nearly to the bottom of the underskirt which had a ratic front and knife pleating at the bottom. Black satin cuffs and collar finished

the waist.

When we went into the dining room we saw Mr. Hogen seated at one of the tables. He never ate with the family while drinking, fortunately, he sat with his back to us.

Murt was the life of the party. Mrs. Hogen excusing herself almost as soon as she sat down.

When we left the dining room Murt went to visit Mr. Graham for a couple of hours.

Kiah went to the post office. Mr. Hogen came in the sitting room where Mrs. Hogen was. He was very abusive and insulting to her when he was intoxicated.

She left the room while he was abusing her. She motioned Sadie to follow. While in Sadie's room she told her she could not stay to see Kiah married. She would go to Previs City until Mr. Hogen quit drinking.

When Kiah came in he found his mother ready to take the first train. Poor Kiah his smile vanished he bowed his head on the table and wept the same as he had when a small boy.

Sadie and Mrs. Hogen comforted him the best they could.

I was in the sitting room alone in deep thought when Murt came in. I had not heard him until he spoke.

A penny is what is generally given but I would give you a nickle for your thoughts.

You would be cheating yourself by giving the penny, they are not worth it.

He came over and sat beside me. You know Josie what my thoughts are and have been every day since I have known you. There is no sense in this foolish struggle. You belong to me. I want you more than I ever did anything in my life.

Darling give up that idea that you can never love anyone but

that man Hillock. You have been fair to me not mislead me in believing you could love me. I love you dear and want you to be my wife, at the same time putting his arm around me and drawing me to him, covering my face with kisses.

I was human. Why refuse this wonderful love. Yet I thought I loved another. I drew away from him telling him how long we had been engaged and the opposition of both families. I never can marry you Murt.

But dear, you belong to me. Neldo gave you to me. I know he would tell you to marry me if he were here. I read the letter he wrote you saying he had traded sisters.

Did he never mention my name when talking to you. I told him of the talk we had a few hours before brother died, of the dark cloud passing over the moon, him telling me if I married Isaac my life would be dark after we had been married a short time.

Marry me Josie and forget this man. I will try and make every cloud have a silver lining.

He then told me of his boyhood days, how at high school the teacher had insisted on him writing and reading a composition he could write them but not read them before the school. He begged his father to let him work and quit school.

His father was a millright. He was building a mill that year near Janaly City. The first day it was running he caught one of his sleeves in the band. He was thrown eighty feet. His arm was torn off six inches below the shoulder.

That finished Murt's schooling. He stayed at home over a year to help on the farm.

When his father was well Murt went to Saginaw to work. The following spring he came to Cadillac where he met Mrs. Graham. He

had worked for him for seven years.

Murt looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock. He was going to stay with Mr. Graham the rest of the night and next day I must let him kiss me good night. When I told him it was better he did not he said Josie you would not refuse a straw to a drowning man would you. He was gone. I had let him hold me in his arms and kiss me. Would I marry him. I did not know.

Mrs. Hogen was gone. Sadie and Kiah were married the next day Sept. sixteenth, eighteen eighty-four. Mr. Hogen was very bad. Murt would be with him all Sunday night, seeing me just long enough to explain why he could not take me to church.

Monday a letter came from Isaac. He did not mention coming to Cadillac at the same time I received a letter from Clara telling me Isaac was spending all his spare time at Moors or on the beach with Miss Moors sister.

That decided me in Murt's favor. He could come as often as he liked.

November had come. Mr. Hogen was having the Delerium Tremers he had been in bed over a week. His cries were pitiful to hear. He called for Emeline his wife. When she did not go to him he would call for Sadie or I to hold his hands. This was the first time in his married life Mrs. Hogen had not nursed him through the tremors. How he missed her. If she would only come he would never touch another glass.

Kiah sent for his mother. When she came and found Mr. Hogen filled with the delerium tremers she was very angry, refused to see him the first day she was at home. She seemed to think Sadie and I had told Kiah to send for her.

That made it unpleasant for me. I told Sadie I would go home as soon as I received a letter from Isaac. A week passed, things

were unpleasant. I had not heard from Isaac. Murt came down on Saturday. He was spending much of his time with Mr. Graham.

The next day he and Sadie talked to me trying to convince me I should marry him.

I looked up at him standing there six foot tall, broad shoulders, blue eyes now filled with a look of devotion, dark hair, good forehead, square chin, beautiful teeth and mouth.

He was wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, high collar, blue dotted bow tie.

Murt would you marry a girl who tells you she loves another better.

Yes I would marry you, no difference what you would tell me.

We were married that night at seven o'clock at the parsonage. Sadie and Kiah stood up for us. When we reached home he drew me to him saying May God deal with me as I do you.

Murt was a wonderful sweetheart. Would he make a good husband. Time would tell. I was not unhappy I liked him. It must have been for the best or it would not have been.

It had all happened in such a short time. There was a feeling I had failed Isaac.

Murt left the next morning at four o'clock for camp.

When I went in the sitting room, a letter from Isaac lay on the table. I opened and read the letter.

Jeddo, Nov. 1884

Dear Josie: At last I can ask you to come back to me. I will not go to Cadillac this winter. My parents have given their consent to our marriage. I will look for you not later than Saturday. Will meet you in Pt. Huron, Truly yours, Isaac.

My sympathy was with Isaac not for myself. I could write and tell him before he had it from some one else. I would write him

at once. Later in the week I would write to Mother. She would be pleased, although she had never met the man I had married. Anyone was better than Isaac.

Returning the letter I wrote on the back,

Cadillac, Nov. 17, 1884.

Dear Isaac: I was married last night. Goodbye forever, Josie.



WORD WAS received this week that Thomas J. Hartley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hartley, 17525 Castle, Roseville, has been promoted from A/2C to A/1C by the Air Force. Airman Hartley has been in Germany for the past year and is presently attached to the 12th Radio Squadron Mobile Unit. He enlisted in the Air Force in July, 1950.

Copy from history of Lovelace
family by F. L. K. Robertson
2447 Orange Drive
Los Angeles 16, California
"The New York State History
erroneously report Francis
Lovelace was a bachelor;
because he married a
commoner i.e., a daughter
of a New York pioneer. His
family were so incensed
because he did not marry
into royalty that they
disavowed the marriage
and caused his estates
mostly in England to
revert to the family."

My own opinion is the
family of Sir Francis
ran true to family
type and felt that
family funds were more
important than genealogical
facts. Lovelace became
Lovelace by the latter
disowning Lovelace name
because they were loyal
to the British government.
I have only found one

Page 2.

Lovelace who served in the colonial army, but I have found many Lovelesses. Another proof of Lovelace loyalty to principle.

I am not a Lovelace. I married one, and I am trying to get a direct line ^{back} from Harmon Lovelace to the original English family in whatever line.

There are six distinct coats of Lovelace arms. & I am trying to do this for my grand daughter, as we have the different families' lineage except this one.

Will you please send me your husband's line for the purpose of elimination from the numerous families I have?

Yours truly,
Blanche H. Tallinger
formerly
Mrs. Charles Sumner Lovelace

P. S. There are many
Loretace families in
Minnesota. If you can
give me any information
I will appreciate.

Just finished
Early Candlelight
Interesting story.

big snake in their door yard.

The teacher and his pupils ran across the street to find Mrs. Maxfield with the broom in her hands standing there white and trembling. Just as we reached the yard Dr. Maxfield drove up to the house.

Mrs. Maxfield told us she had gone out to sweep the door yard and seeing what she thought was a black long, wondering how it got there, she went over to look at it. When she touched it with her broom it crawled down the bank of the Black River.

When the Doctor laughed at her she showed him the impression in the sand the snake had made when it went down the bank of the river.

That was our last day of school out doors. The next morning when we went the key was in the door. Our teacher did not have any trouble finishing his term. He was asked, but refused, to teach the following year.

Another incident which is impressed on my mind is of losing my waterproof cape and cap my mother had made me.

I was living with my Grandmother at the time. Aunt Sarah sent me to the store. I had to go about a half mile. While running I became warm and took off the cap which fastened to the cape. The cape unfastened at the neck. When I got home I found I had lost them.

Aunt Sarah scolded me telling me I would have lost my head if it wasn't fastened to my neck. Grandmother told me not to cry, she would make me another.

Tommy Meronchie, a red-headed freckled-face boy friend found it when coming from school and gave it to me.

That fall my Grandmother bought a little house and one acre of land and deeded it to my mother.

nephews I think she loved us best.

She always said we seemed like her own children. When Auntie was thirty years old she married and had two sons. One of whom is living and a successful business man.

One of the earliest remembrances of my childhood days are of a young man taking me by the hand and leading me to school. He was Mr. Hartford, my first school master. When we reached the school house we found the door locked.

I think the boys of the Ruby school were the most disappointed boys I have ever known.

The Friday before they had tried to throw our teacher out of the school room. All school masters in those days used a hickory stick. By wielding it over the boys he saved himself from such an indignity. There were many swollen heads went home that night.

Five of the culprits were sons of school officers.

Mr. Adams and Madden were very angry at the teacher. A school meeting was held on Saturday. The decision was Mr. Hartford could not finish his school term.

Our teacher was loved by all the small children. Our parents let us go to school. The following Monday morning at nine o'clock Mr. Hartford tried the school house door and it was locked.

We children all came back. We sat on the steps and learned our lessons reciting them to the teacher.

Mr. Adams came over and asked him to leave. The teacher told him he had signed a contract to be at the school house at nine o'clock in the morning five mornings a week. If he could not get inside he would do his teaching on the school steps.

I remember one day at recess Percy Maxfield came running to the school house all excited telling us there was a

Written by Josephine
Wheeler Walker.

Father had never been well from the time he had the measles the spring following his marriage. He was a cattle buyer. Was able to make a good living for mother and the four children whom he was now leaving.

Dr. Spooner had examined him and told Mother he could live about one week. The week had passed. Two of the neighbors had come to stay all night. They must keep quiet as Father must not be disturbed.

He insisted Mother must go to bed at the usual time and sister Lavina, then an eleven months old babe should lie on his arm.

At two o'clock in the morning father called mother; asked her to give him a drink of water. She raised him up. He took one swallow, fell back, dying in her arms.

Two days later he was laid away in the Baker Cemetery, leaving alone a widow with four helpless little children, the eldest, a boy less than six years.

We were living in a house belonging to grandfather. He told mother we could not live alone. After the funeral grandfather Fuller took mother and her four children home with him where we were welcomed by one of the best grandmothers little children ever had.

One year later Grandfather died, leaving four hundred dollars to each of his five children and plenty to take care of Grandmother as long as she lived.

Grandmother sold the farm for five thousand dollars and we all moved to a home she had one half mile from the village of Ruby.

Uncle James, a boy of sixteen, and Aunt Sarah were living at home. They were very kind to us children. Aunt Sarah has always been like a second mother to us. Of all her nieces and

Mother wanted a home of her own. She thought she would be happier. We were only one mile from Grandmother. She would take care of us.

Father hadn't left much money and mother wanted to teach school. She had taught school before she was married. We had only been in our new home about a month when mother became ill. She was sick all winter.

Our nearest neighbors were an old couple by the name of Goss. I heard Mrs. Goss telling mother she was going to bring a man, who wanted a wife, over to see her. I was over to Grandmother's when Mr. Caves came to see mother. He had been to see her several times before I saw him. I was not old enough to realize what it meant.

Mother had told us not to tell Grandmother about Mr. Caves coming to see her. How would you children like Mr. Caves for a father, my mother asked us one Saturday in September, Oh that would be nice answered my two sisters and brother in chorus. Could we go to the farm to live and gather hickory nuts? Ride the horses and each of us have a little lamb they asked mother in eager voices. Mother told us we would have lots of apples and all kinds of fruit and even the little lamb was included.

I stood back and had nothing to say. My father had been dead four years. I could not remember him. I was only two years old when he died. I had always had a longing for my father which I never mentioned. My mother turned to me and asked me how I would like a new father. I do not want a father I said as the tears came to my eyes.

My mother took me in her lap, pressed me to her saying Josie dear, if Mr. Caves were your father we could always have

plenty of wood and you could have all the apples you could eat.

"Mother I will help you gather pine cones for wood and I will never complain of the wild crab apples being too sour if you will get me a father."

Mother explained how she wasn't strong enough to go out in the cold and gather wood for the winter. She didn't have the money to buy it.

"But, Mother, Grandmother will buy wood for us."

"No, dear, I can not ask Grandmother to buy wood for us. She has done so much now."

I loved mother and gave my consent after shedding many tears.

The following Friday Mr. Caves eldest daughter Annie came to our house. She was anxious my mother marry her father as she was in love with my mother's only brother.

She took me in her arms and coaxed me to go home with her. She told me of all the nice things I could have if I would go to live on the farm. I liked her and promised to go home with her.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Caves came for us and we went home, him promising me I could see mother the next day.

He lived five miles from where we lived. The candles were lighted when we reached his home. When the horses turned in the gate we were met by a big dog who was barking furiously. Annie helped me down from the wagon taking me by the hand she led me in the house.

We went into a big square room. There was a big four poster bed stood in one corner of the room. That was the first thing to draw my attention. The bed was made of black walnut about six foot high with big round balls on top of each post.

Inch holes were bored in either side pieces and ends of the bed. A rope was drawn through each hole being laced in basket fashion to hold the bed ticks.

There were two ticks on the bed made of striped ticking. One was filled with straw. The other was filled with live goose feathers. These feathers are picked from live geese at a certain time each year. This tick is put on the one filled with straw making a nice soft bed.

A patch quilt called the Irish chain covered the bed. It was made of pink and white calico. A round bolster filled with feathers was at the head. A flowered valance went around the bed. The valance being raised at one end. A trundle bed was drawn from under the bed. Lottie and Bell the youngest girls slept there. A cradle in another corner where Dannie, a boy of six, was sleeping.

There was a big fire place at one end of the room. A big bag had been rolled into it. A cradlechair was on the other side of the room. The rest of the furniture consisted of chairs and a black walnut table. God Bless our Home was worked in green and red yarn in a motto which hung over the door. Flowered curtains hung at the windows.

Supper was waiting for us. We went in the dining room and ate potatoes, pork and beans, bread, butter, cookies, and blackberries.

When we finished supper Annie took me in the kitchen. Katie was standing by the stove stirring berries. She was making blackberry jam.

The house had been newly white washed. Everything was spotless.

Mary, a tall girl of twelve, cleared the table. She and Annie washed the dishes. When the girls had finished the

dishes two boys came in. Their names were Thomas and Charley. They had been doing chores and taking care of the horses in the barn. "Did you give the horses plenty of oats and bedding?" their father asked.

"Yes, sir," Thomas the eldest answered.

"I am going to Ruby tomorrow and I want them to prance all the way home."

When he said that my eyes filled with tears. I wanted my mother. Annie looked at me and smiled. She told me I could see mother tomorrow.

We went upstairs to bed. The room had two beds in it. A curtain with big flowers hung between the beds. I slept with Annie. Katie and Mary slept in the other bed. The boys slept in the other room which had two beds.

I slept late next morning. I was alone in the room when I woke. Everyone had gone downstairs. I dressed and went down. I had on my Sunday dress. It was a small check of white and blue with white lace pleated in the neck and sleeves.

Annie gave me a bowl of bread and milk. Everyone had eaten breakfast.

Annie and Katie wore dresses made of cloth their mother had made before she died. It was a black and red check about one half inch square made tight waist with full skirt with white collar and cuffs. Mary, Lottie and Bell wore flowered calico dresses made tight waist and ruffled skirts.

All the boys were out doors playing. When I had finished eating I wanted to go home. "Father has gone after your mother," Annie said. "Why didn't he take me?" I asked. "You were sleeping," she said. I began to cry. She took me outdoors. The boys were playing in the corn crib. They called to us to come and see what they had. Lottie and Bell had followed us out. "Come here,

Josie," they cried. "Dannie has a squirrel."

Dannie was a beautiful boy with black curly hair and blue eyes. I took the squirrel. It was one the children had tamed. We all went down to the orchard. There I saw more apples than I had ever seen. Annie called us when we went in the house, a big dish pan filled with popcorn was there. What a treat for me. We filled our apron pockets, sat on the stair steps and ate the corn.

It was an open stair leading from the front room to the second floor.

Katie and Annie were busy preparing dinner. Mary was setting the table. When we had finished eating the popcorn Lottie, Bell, Dannie and myself went out to the gate. We saw a buggy coming about one half mile down the road. "There comes father," said Dannie. "Who can be with him. Let's all go and meet him. I don't want to go. We will wait here. Dannie looked at me as I spoke and said alright.

We sat on the grass by the fence until he drove up. Then I saw my mother was there. Brother Neldo, sisters Sadie and Lavina were in the back seat. Mother held me as she told me we could live here now and asked me if I had a nice time.

Mr. Caves' children were all pleased to have a new mother. They had prepared a nice dinner for her. Turkey, mashed potatoes, turnips, bread, butter, black berry pie and cake.

Soon we were all around the table. Mother sitting next to Mr. Caves. How nice she looked in her blue dress.

Mr. Caves' mother, aged eight years sat at the foot of the table. She never learned to love me. Always disliked me, calling me the white headed Brat. There could not be a mistake in her meaning as I was the only whitehaired child among the twelve children.

Many years ago there had lived a beautiful blonde. She was my mothers great Aunt Sally Nash. I was the first perfect blonde in the family for four generations. I have a son, daughter and granddaughter who are blonde.

When we had finished dinner my stepfather arose from the table. He was a large man fifty-eight years old. He wore whiskers which were turning grey. His upper lip was clean shaven. He was six foot tall.

Mother was a dainty little woman only twenty-nine years old. As she stood beside him he raised his arm and laughingly told her to walk under it. She passed under his arm and walked to the door.

"How would you like to look over the farm and get acquainted with your new home?" he asked. Mother put a shawl over her shoulders. They walked out on the stoop. She saw a big square log house which was her new home. I know she asked God to make it a happy one for us all.

They walked down to the wood lot. I think the wood pleased mother more than anything. There were cords of it piled along the fence seasoning to burn in the winter. When they came back it was dark. The table was set with bowls of bread and milk for supper.

Annie and Mary washed the bowls and spoons. In those days supper was always served at six o'clock. After supper we all sat around the big room until bedtime.

I found Dannie was just fourteen days older than I. Lottie six months younger than my baby sister Lavina.

At nine o'clock we all went to bed. Lottie slept upstairs with Annie. Bell in the cradle chair. Sadie, Lavinia and myself in the trundle bed. Neldo and Dannie slept upstairs.

After getting better acquainted with Dannie, I learned he had one blind eye. People said his mother marked him by crying so much over her pet cow who lost an eye before Dannie was born. As long as Dannie and I lived at home we always done all we could for one another.

The next day my stepfather moved our furniture from home. Then we had more mottos to hang on the wall. Such as "Home Sweet Home," "Jesus Is Our Friend," and "Happy Thoughts," and other religious sayings.

Then we had enough chairs. The children did not have to stand while we were eating as we did the first night. Mother had plenty of quilts, feather beds and pillows. An elevated oven cook stove which was quite a help to the large family.

That fall we gathered hickory, beech and plenty of butternuts. Every night during the winter we would pop corn and crack nuts. The nuts and popcorn were spread over the attic floor.

I will now tell you how we children gathered the nuts. After the frost came in the fall we would get up in the morning as soon as it was light enough to see. Then we would go quietly under the tall hickory nut trees and wait until the squirrels had covered the ground with nuts. They were cutting them down to store for winter. The branches grew far, far from the ground. We smaller children could not climb the trees.

Christmas came and with it happiness. There was plenty wood to keep warm. My stepfather had cut logs and piled on the fireplace so Santa Claus would have no trouble in getting down the chimney. Our stockings were hung. They were filled with nuts, popcorn, stick candy and candy hearts.

Mother always made baby boys and girls from fried cakedough. She used raisins for the eyes. I remember that

Christmas I had a green ribbon for my hair in my stocking. I thought it the most beautiful ribbon I had ever seen.

We small children were always given the same kind of present. We each received hair ribbons, only of different colors. I remember Sadie's was red.

Only once that winter did unhappiness come to our home. Mr. Caves whipped my brother Neldo with a circingle strap striking with the buckle end. It happened that Mr. Caves and Mother had gone to Pt. Huron. Charley and Neldo had quarreled. After my stepfather came home (while they were in the barn taking care of the stock) Charley told him that Neldo had knocked him down that day. Mr. Caves always went to the barn the last thing before going to bed to see that the stock was alright. That night he told Neldo to go out with him. While they were there he whipped my brother. Then he told him to go to bed as soon as he went into the house. Mother being tired had gone to bed before they came in.

The next morning when Annie went up to see why Neldo did not get up she found him lame and black with bruises where he had been whipped. Annie came down and told mother. I never knew just what mother said to Mr. Caves but he never whipped him as severely again. My stepfather's motto was a word and a blow and the blow came first.

Mr. Caves was just as severe with his own children as he was with us. I saw him take his boot and throw at Thomas. If it had hit him on the head it would have knocked him senseless.

In a few days Neldo was able to go to school. He was never a strong boy. When the snow and ice came he could not play and snowball as the stronger boys did.

Jimmie Marks, a boy of eighteen, who attended the same school, would take my sister Sadie and I by the hand and skate down a big ditch that had been filled with water during the fall, then frozen after the cold weather came.

Neldo would hang on his coat tail so the big children could not tease us as they always did strange children who went to school. Jimmie Marks at the present time is serving a life sentence for killing his wife. It seems impossible for me to believe that the boy who was so kind to three little fatherless children could commit such a crime. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

Winter passed and in the early summer we had a baby brother who died with colera morbus when he was three months old.

How well I can remember each little detail as it happened that day. I was standing on a stool wiping dishes. The older girls were picking green gage plums off a tree which grew in front of the door. Mother was holding Howard on her lap. He had been sick just a few hours. She did not realize how sick he was. Mr. Caves had gone to Brockway Centre for Dr. Gowen. The baby moaned then up went his little hands. He died almost before we knew he was sick. He was dead before the doctor came.

My sister Lavina and I spend the remainder of that summer and fall with our grandmother. We had lived with her so much it was like home to us.

Grandfather had bought forty acres of land intending to build a carding mill. A carding mill is where fleeces of wool are taken after being sheared and washed. Where it is made in rolls ready for spinning into yarn.

There was a spring on the place called the Gassau which had water power enough to run this water wheel.

Grandfather died three weeks after purchasing this farm. Just one year after the death of my father.

The house was built in a grove of pine trees. The big sitting room in the front of the house had four windows with twelve small panes of glass in each window.

Grandmother slept downstairs. In her bedroom she had a six inch square hole cut in one corner for the big white cat Mandy to go out and in. She and Aunt Sarah used it as a hiding place for their pocketbooks as we had plenty of tramps in those days.

There was a large kitchen and pantry downstairs. Two bedrooms on the second floor. The house was painted white. The hen house and barn were built at the back. Grandma always kept two cows. We children had all the cream we could eat. Many times I have had a saucer full of half churned cream with Dutch cheese in it when she was churning.

The next winter I lived with Mrs. George Thomas one of our neighbors. She never had a child and loved me very much. Mr. Thomas went up near Alpena that winter in the woods hauling logs. He was gone until early spring. He came home sooner than we expected. We were not looking for him for six weeks. He said he had been awakened by his brother calling him about four o'clock in the morning. His

brother Sam had died at four o'clock the same morning he had heard him call. In those days people claimed they had a warning before any of their people died. His brother lived on the farm joining his. He was buried the day after Mr. Thomas came home.

Mrs. Thomas had a beautiful home. Always so nice and clean. There were no children to track in dirt or make a muss. I used to stay with her until I got homesick. Then I would go home and stay with Mother. Mrs. Thomas would come after me and tell me I could have all the cookies I could eat if I would go back with her. She made the best cookies I have ever eaten.

Their house painted white, was built in an orchard. There were russetts, golden pippens, big red apples, pears, plums, peaches and all kinds of fruit. All kinds of beautiful flowers.

Mr. Thomas' driving team was Arabian horses. His large barns were filled with good horses which he used in the woods each winter and worked his farm in summer.

Young children have such curious ideas. I can remember an old trunk Mrs. Thomas had in her attic. I think she had every hat she had ever worn for twenty years in that trunk. I used to go up there and put them on my head and I wondered why she didn't give them to me. Mothers and daughters did not wear the same styles in those days.

After school closed that spring my two sisters, brothers and I went to stay with Grandmother. I learned to spin yarn that summer. I was always anxious to learn all kinds of work. After grandmother bothering with me until I could spin she went away one day and told me to spin a skein of yarn. I did not twist ~~it~~

it enough . It was full of knots where I had tied it. When she saw it she shook me until my teeth chattered and made me do it right.

We children helped in the garden, drove the cows from the pasture and helped all we were able to.

Aunt Sarah was working in a tailor shop in Lexington that summer.

We children had such fun that summer gathering berries, building houses with pine cones. Running through the woods after the cows. Stopping on our way to pick winter green and squaw berries. These berries grew on little vines running on the ground. They are not used as fruit but are delicious for eating.

Aunt Sarah came home late in the fall and we children went home.

I can recall only two incidents of interest during that winter.

One day mother and Mr. Caves went to Port Huron. My step-sister told me to do something which I refused to do. For punishment she sat me on a chair and told me to sit there until I could spell cable without an L. When she wasn't looking I went out doors, hid in the corn crib until I was so cold I had to go in doors.

The weather was so cold that night mother stayed at Grandmothers as they passed her house on their way home.

When my step father came home Kate told him I would not mind her. I was sitting on the stairs. He walked over where I was and struck me knocking me to the floor. Then sent me to bed where I cried myself to sleep.

The other incident was a Jew peddler came from Detroit. He stayed over night at our house. In the morning he was showing his red handkerchiefs. We children thought them beautiful. He gave each of us one to look at. My brother and step sister Mary did not return theirs. After he had gone they were showing the rest of us what they had. We told mother. She made them run and overtake him and return them. When they came back she punished them and told us how wicked it was to keep that which did not belong to us.

Mother tried to live a good Christian life. Always giving thanks at the table. At night often reading the bible and all knelt in prayer.

In April 1875 my sister Helen was born. I was ten years old. We were all happy with our baby sister. As she grew older she loved my sister Sadie best. We all thought her a beautiful baby. Mother could sew nicely and she made her little dresses. So pretty with little yokes and gathered skirts, short sleeves that tied with ribbon just above her dimpled elbows.

Her dresses were made of white cambric and pin stripe blue and white calico.

That fall after harvest potatoe digging corn husking and the fruit was gathered, apples dried with an abundant supply of hickory, beech, butternuts, and pop corn we left our Kenockee home and moved out on a farm on Lake Huron shore three miles from where I was born.

My stepfather traded his eighty acres for one hundred and twenty acres. A big house surrounded with rose and lilac bushes. Two big locust trees shaded the big room and bed room in the front of the house. A big apple tree grew at the corner of

the house by the dining room shading the three windows on the east side of the house. Each window had six fourteen inch window lights in the top and bottom sash. One window was above a three foot landing where the door opened on the stairway.

I cannot forget that door and window. I was always afraid of worms and bugs. My step brothers were always teasing me with them. One day Thomas caught a big bug and was going to put it down the neck of my dress. I got away from him and ran in the stair way putting my foot against the casing inside the door and holding the knob I could keep him out. In my fright I thought of letting the door open so he could fall to the ground through the window. Imagine his surprise when I let go of the door. He felt himself going through the window taking the lower sash with him.

He dropped the bug and was to much frightened of the punishment he would get when his father came home to try to frighten me again. His punishment was that he could not go to the birch creek to spear fish as he had planned. There could not be no greater punishment in those days for a boy than to tell them they could not spear fish. Men, boys, and some times, girls and women would come for miles to catch fish in the birch creek.

They would bring a basket made of wire. Cut pitch pine knots from the old pine stumps along the bank of the creek. Then fasten a wire to one side of the basket, the other end to a long pole. Fill the basket with the pine knots. Then set fire to the knots in the basket making a big blaze lighting up the bed of the creek so a man could hold it over the water. That was called a Jack light.

We had a big east room upstairs and two bedrooms. From

the east room we could see the white caps and waves lash the shore when there was a storm.

I have seen boats wrecked on the lake and heard men cry for help. Two men came ashore on a spar holding a table for a sail. Mr. Caves took them to Lakeport, two and one half miles to telegraph for help.

We had a large kitchen with a bed room off of it. A large pantry with a door leading to the cellar where we kept our apples and vegetables for winter. A big wood shed was attached to the east end of the kitchen where we done our washing and ironing. Mr Caves built an ice house and milk room back of the wood shed.

We had a nice orchard with all kinds of fruit, a sein to catch fish and boats to go on the lake. We were a happy family.

All kind of wild berries grew around there in abundance. We children all like to pick berries. One day sister Sadie and I were in the woods. We saw nice lot of berries bushes growing on both sides of a log. I stood on the ground and Sadie got on the log which was rotten and hollow. It broke through with her and a big milk snake had her nest of young in the log. When it broke the mother snake opened her mouth and the little ones ran down her throat. Sadie came screaming off the log. We ran away and left the berries for Mrs. Snake and her family.

We would often see striped snakes crawling along the bushes eating berries. We always left that patch of berries. We girls were not brave enough to face the snakes unless our brothers were there to kill them.

In those days the berries were nearly all wild. I do not remember seeing tame berries except strawberries.

The farm joining ours was owned by a Jew named Freedman who lived in Detroit. He rented it by the year. We never knew who was going to be our neighbor. One year the son of a southern planter lived there. His father had lost all of his slaves and property during the war. They were very poor people. The man was sick most of the time. One morning when we were going to school the little children were picking sorrel. That is a sour leaf that grows in the grass. They said that was all they had to eat. We went home and told mother. She sent them food for supper and breakfast. The next day Mr. Caves took the horses and wagon. He went across Black River and got enough food to last until their father was able to work in the harvest. They gathered driftwood to burn. The next fall they all went south. Some of their relatives learned of their condition and sent for them.

The next farm of two hundred and ten acres was owned by a man named Johnathin Birch who years before had come from the state of New York. Bought timber land. Built and operated a saw mill on Birch Creek which was named after him. The township of Birchville was also named after him. When he left New York he left a wife and two daughters. He was to send for them as soon as he had a house built. He did not build for over a year. Then he built what was a beautiful home for those days in the country. It was a three story frame building. The basement had a kitchen, bed room, pantry, fruit and vegetable and milk room. The well with a pump was in the cellar at the foot of a stairway which led to a six foot hall on the second floor. The basement was where the hired man and his wife lived and cooked for the farm hands.

On the east side of the hall on the second floor was a

small kitchen and large dining room where you could see the boats passing on Lake Huron. The west side had a large sitting room and two bed rooms. A back door opened from the hall on a small stoop. A front door opened on big wide steps which led to the ground. An open stairway five foot wide led to the second floor and on the west side was a dance hall the length of the house. On the east side were bed rooms and a sitting room off of which was a wine and whiskey closet where it is said Mr. Birch and an Indian woman imprisoned a young squaw until she consented to marry him for so many moons.

The story is when he had finished his home he invited all the surrounding country people to a dance. An Indian woman who had married a white man in the neighborhood came and with her a beautiful indian girl, her daughter. Her father was white. She had the features and coloring of a white girl. Mr. Birch fell madly in love with her. Marriage meant nothing to the indians in those days. Why to be married for a number of moons her mother had married four white men and had a child by each. This being her youngest child and the only girl. She was anxious she marry the big white chief. The Indian maid was imprisoned and fed whiskey until she consented to marry him. Mr. Birch never sent for his wife. After his daughters grew up and were married their mother had died. They came to Michigan to see their father and found him living with a squaw. As Mrs Birch grew older she looked like a full blooded squaw. They had four girls and three boys. The youngest boy was so lazy he would never work. His father said he had too much white man in him to fish and not enough Indian to hunt. Mr. Birch deeded eighty acres of land to each of his white daughters by his first wife.

On the opposit side of the road he built a drive barn

where he kept his horses. And a large barn for hay, grain and feed.

Up at the mouth of the creek where it emptied in the lake he built his saw mill, bought a big house that John Cole a lumberman had built for a tavern to board and sleep his men who worked in his saw mill.

Two of his girls were beautiful. One married a Dr. in Lexington. The other a painter. The other two who showed their Indian blood married two brothers who had negro blood.

After his wife died in ^{New} York state and his two daughters came to Michigan Mr Birch drank and gambled more than ever. He soon lost all his property except the farm I have described.

When we moved to our home on the lake shore his youngest son lived in the basement with his wife and four children. Two years later they moved in the house south of his. His baby was sick and died. Mrs. Birch sent for her mother. She came and found them destitute with only one of the children back to Cadillac with her. When Ransom the husband went up there they had the doctor tell him he was coming down with a fever and would die in Cadillac. He went home and his wife got a divorce for non support.

Mr. Birch, his wife and Oliver, another son and his wife lived in the two upper stories. When the place was sold under mortgage Oliver went to Pt. Huron and opened a saloon. Mr. and Mrs. Birch went to Jeddo to live with their daughter where they lived until they died, him dying first.

We children had a happy life going to school, doing our part of the work. Running up and down the beach, picking berries, climbing trees and swimming in the lake. The boys would make rafts and we would go out on them. One day Charley turned the raft upside down with us children. Since I was grown I cannot

understand how we escaped being drowned. In the winter we would skate on the lake and climb big ice bergs where the water on the other side would be open probably fifty feet deep.

Uncle Ben Baker lived seven miles west of us. It was always such a treat for we children to go there. We would often go and stay two weeks. Such fun as we would have. The summer was here. Neldo and I coaxed mother to let us go. We could walk.

She made us a lunch and we started one sunny morning to be gone two weeks. Neldo had ten cents he could spend at Juddo. Before we reached there he asked me what I would like. I decided a bunch of raisins was what I wanted. He said, "I think I will buy a piece of Lady Twist tobacco. I told him he could have some of my raisins. "You can't have any of my tobacco as only men chew that," he answered. After buying the raisins and tobacco we had two miles to walk before reaching Uncle Bens. I ate some of the raisins keeping most of them to share with my cousins.

Neldo took a big bite of his tobacco saying he would not have to keep any as girls did not chew. When we were a half mile from the house Neldo laid down by the roadside. He was so white I feared he would die. What was the matter we did not know, until he became so sick he vomited. Then he felt better. "I think it must have been the Lady Twist," he said as he threw away the piece he had left. "I do not see why men chew such stuff. I am glad, Josie, I just let you touch your tongue to it or you would have been sick." I helped him get to the house. After he had eaten supper he felt better.

The next morning we were ready for play. We played on what was called the Baker Island. It was made by a bend in Black

Baker Island was made by a bend in

~~Black~~ River. The constant flow of which, for many years had washed away the earth leaving a plot of ground which formed a beautiful island. This was owned by the Baker family. Uncle Ben had cut trees making a bridge of the logs large enough so he could drive a team across. children would cross this bridge to gather butternuts and all kinds of wild Berries which grew in abundance.

He had left the branches growing on the outside log on each side of the bridge. There were many water snakes in Black River. They would crawl on these branches to sun themselves on warm days. The children who were brave enough would knock them back in the water using long sticks. I never was brave enough for that.

Other days were spent in hunting and breaking turtle eggs. I remember one day we broke over two hundred eggs we found in the sand.

Uncle Bens house was built at the bottom of a big hill. We children used to lie down at the top and roll to the bottom. Grandfather Bakers house was built at the top of the hill. Black River ran at the foot of the hill back of the house. A vein of clay ran through the river bed. We children would wade in the river and dig out the nice light colored clay and model images out of this clay. It surely was great fun.

The last time we children were there was at Christmas time. We walked the seven miles and my toes were frozen. Kind Uncle Ben took snow and rubbed our feet while Aunt Clara made hot biscuit. We had them for supper with honey. They had a bee house filled with honey in barrells and in the comb.

Christmas eve uncle Ben cracked butter nuts and

popped corn. I think he must have cracked over a bushel of nuts as there were many children. We would crack the beach nuts with our teeth. The corn was put in a long pan on the table. Each child was given a dish filled and as fast as we emptied it it was refilled.

The spring I was thirteen Grandmother sent for Neldo and I to come and stay with her. Aunt Sarah was going to visit some friends. We were there two months.

After she came home, Mr. Beard, one of the men who owned the gravel road that ran into Pt. Huron came to see if grandmother and auntie would collect the toll at the toll gate three miles out of Pt. Huron. This gravel road was twelve miles long. The toll was two cents a mile.

After much deliberation they decided to go. That was the last time I ever lived in that house. Grandmother sold the farm that summer. When we had lived at the toll gates a short time Uncle Nelson Glassford came to visit us. When he went home he coaxed me to go home telling grandmother the advantages of the schools were so much better in Copac than the country schools. Mother and grandmother had decided they would make a school teacher of me as I learned very easily. There were many teachers in our family. Mother, Grandmother, great grandmother were teachers besides a good supply of uncles, aunts and cousins who also taught.

Aunt Lucinda was very kind to me doing every thing to make me happy. She made me pretty dresses and took me to school. I think the best time I had while there was when aunt Lucinda and I were pitting cherries. We were pitting them and putting them in a steamer forgetting it had holes in the bottom. Suddenly I looked down and there was a pool of cherrie juice all over the floor. She had the steamer on her lap with the cherries in and

the juice had wet her clothes through and was in a regular puddle on the floor. I can tell you we had some hearty laugh over that. When I had been there a week I began to want mother. I was the only child in the house which was built just outside the city limits where Uncle Nelson had a big farm. His two boys had charge of the farm and they lived in Capac with there families.

I stayed seven weeks and cried so much they took me home. I wanted mother. I stayed at home and finished the term at the Birch school.

After school closed in the spring Mrs. Losey, 'one of our neighbors' wanted me to stay with her during haying and harvest. Mother let me go as it was only one mile from home. Mrs. Losey had never had any children. She gave her affection to a great big dog she had trained to do all manner of things. Even teaching him to sing the notes. She would put her mouth to his ear and sing do - re - me. He would do the best he could trying to imitate her.

Will Smith a young man who was an orphan lived with them. His father who had belonged to a life saving crew in England was drowned. When Will was small his mother married again and came to the United States. She had been dead four years. Will was twenty-one and had received money enough from England to buy forty acres of land. Mr. Losey was working it for him that summer.

Will was my first beau. He was six foot tall with black hair and black eyes. Was sick with chills and fever nearly all summer. I used to take him water to drink and make toast for him. When he was better he wanted to take me to the meetings at the Birch school house. It was used as a church. Mother would

not let me go out with him that summer saying I was too young. I would be fifteen the next spring in March then I could go.

He worked in the woods in Bay City that winter. When he came home in the spring he came to see me. Mother let me go with him to the meetings and places of amusements. In June he asked me to marry him. I told him I would. The day was set for the fifteenth of October. After we were engaged he became very domineering. I did not like that and told him in August I would not marry him.

My next beau was Joe French who Will had introduced to me. He came to see me all the following winter. His brother Wash came to see my sister Sadie. We four certainly had a wonderful time all winter. The boys had beautiful horses and good cutters. We went every place there was to go.

In March Grandmother sent for me to go down to the toll gate and stay with her. Aunt Sarah had married and gone to live in Port Huron. Neldo had been staying with Grandmother, He wanted to go to Cadillac a lumbering town about two hundred miles from Port Huron. I quit school and went to stay with her. Instead of teaching school I would learn dressmaking, Grandmother gave up the toll gate and went to board with Auntie.

Uncle Roberts mother lived with them. She seemed to be jealous of auntie which made it very disagreeable for Grandmother.

A widower who lived near them asked Grandmother to marry him.

She accepted him, they were married at aunties he was seventy years she was seventy-two.

They lived happy for two years when Grandmother

fell and broke her hip. She passed away three weeks later
May 1884.

When she died her grandchildren lost one of the
dearest grandmothers a child could have.

Her property was equally divided between her five
children who all mourned for her.

The spring of eighteen forty one I met the man
who was destined to appear at intervals during my whole life.

The fall before a man by the name of Hillock came
from Canada who bought the old Birch farm and the place known
as the Wade farm.

The house on the Wade Place was larger than the
one on the Birch farm. The Hillock family was large. They
lived in the Wade house. It was the house used by Johnathen
Birch for his men who worked in the saw mill.

Mr. Wade bought the place from him years before.

The house was built about five hundred feet from
the water edge of Lake Huron.

The walk was bordered with maple trees. The french
door opened in a spacious hall. The wide open stairway led to
the second floor.

On either side of the hall a door opened in the north
and south parlor.

Off of the north parlor was a large room which was
built for a barroom where a man years before was killed in a
drunken fight. At that time this house was used for a stopping
place halfway between Pt. Huron and Lexington.

At the end of the hall a door opened in the dining
room, also one from the north parlor.

Opening from the dining room was a big kitchen, opening from that was the summer kitchen with a big range and long kitchen table. Many times have I helped do the baking to fill that table with mince, apple, pumpkin pices. Marble and rolled jelly cakes and a large jar of cookies.

On the second floor there was a large front room that was used as a spare room. The occupants could look out over Lake Huron and see the angry waves on a windy day or the placid blue waters as the boats sailed majestically by.

At the north corner of the house a rain barrell and wash bench stood under the spreading branches of a big weeping willow tree where the hired men washed. Large barns and out houses were built for hay, grain and cattle. A well with a windmill was near one corner of the house. That provided water for the house and also pumped water in the barnes for the stock.

A walk of five hundred feet under silver maple trees brought you to the high bridge that spaned the river at the mouth of Birch creek where it emptied into Lake Huron. The saw mill had been torn down but we could see the spiles and tiling where the dock stood where in earlier days the boats loaded lumber cut at the Birch sawmill. Back of the barns the Birch creek flowed with thornapple trees shading its banks.

Mrs. Hillock used the room from the north for a bedroom.

Around this room hangs a legend. The ghost of the murdered man came back at frequent intervals to visit the place of his former battles.

The family were using it at this time as a sleeping

room. One of the boys slept there alone being more courageous or less superstitious than his brothers. The following spring his father hired a man not overly clean that they put to sleep in the haunted room along with the boy already occupying it much to said boys disgust.

Old Shep the farm dog had burrowed a hole under the floor of this room to be near as possible to the boy as they were great chums. Just as the two occupants of the room became sound asleep Old Shep tired of chasing rabbits sought his bed under the house. Now one of the clapboards had become loose at one end and sagged down. In crawling under he rubbed his back against it making considerable noise. This awoke the sleepers and Abe the hired man who was familiar with the legend of the haunted room jumped out of bed with a yell. The ghost he shouted. I just saw him come through the window.

The boy tried to convince him that it was only the dog crawling under the house but Abe would not be convinced. He grabbed his clothes and made for the other part of the house.

This reminded the boy of an incident he had read in Uncle Toms cabin. The next day he secured a long bottle, broke it in to and placed the neck end in a knot hole in the siding just above the window. The next night Abe who had been jibed and scoffed at all day screwed up enough courage to try the haunted room again.

As on the night before they had just nicely got to sleep when the wind began to blow and the way that neck bottle began to moan and wail would have stirred envy in the heart of a real ghost. Abe as previously, awoke first, listened an in-

stant, snatched his overalls from the foot of the bed and with out stopping for his shoes tore out of the room and house. He never stopped running until he reached the home of his parents two miles away. Thus the boy got rid of his unwelcome bed fellow.

Sister Sadie and I were having such good times going to school and cutter riding to give much thought to our new neighbors, who consisted of three young men, one invalid daughter, a sixteen year old girl and three smaller red headed-freckled faced boys. Jane the young girl and her brother John went to school. We walked one half mile together at night going home from school. She going one half mile north and we one half mile south when we parted.

We liked her but she was very sarcastic and thought her brothers were the only young men in the neighborhood who knew anything. They had been raised in a small town in Canada. The second oldest one met my cousin Clara Fuller when they first came from Canada. Her father was a wealthy farmer. After Mr. Hillock made inquiries and found Mr. Fuller's financial standing was good he gave his consent to Alex paying court to Clara.

That disposed of one son that winter. Aaron the eldest boy was in Canada all winter, Isaac was compelled to stay at home as there were only two overcoats among the three boys. Aaron had one and Alex used the other.

During the winter Jane asked us to visit her at her home. Mother would not let us go until Jane came to see us. She said people would say we went to see the boys.

Spring was here and the school term ended. One day

Mr. Hillock stopped his team in front of our gate and Jane climbed down from the wagon. Came in the house and spent the afternoon and had supper with us staying until her father came back from Lakeport where he had gone on business.

Before leaving she made mother promise Sadie and I could spend Sunday with her. I never forgot that Sunday. It came on the seventh of May 1881. I was then sixteen.

Mother dressed Sadie and I as near alike as she could. She never should have done this as I was very fleshy while Sadie was slender. I was fair and she had dark hair and beautiful brown eyes.

We wore dresses of white lawn with a small red flower and green spray running through them. A red lace shawl, black hats with a band of red ribbon.

As we were coming up the walk we saw one of the boys seated in the south window reading a book.

It was a beautiful day. The hall door stood open and Jane came down the stairs just as we stepped up to the door. We went in. She introduced us to her brother, Isaac. He had been reading and watching for us to let her know when we were coming.

Mrs. Hillock was in the kitchen superintending dinner which was served in the big dining room at two o'clock on Sundays.

After dinner we girls helped with the dishes. Then the young people went down to the beach and spent the afternoon in the cedar grove which grew in front of the house along the beach. By supper time the house was filled with company. We had supper then walked through the fields to the Birch school house where Elder Travers held meetings. The boys and girls all paired off

each by walking with one of the girls. As we went out of the door Isaac asked me if he could walk with me. I thought him the best looking and most interesting boy I had ever met. He was twenty years old.

After meeting was over when we came out of the school house he asked to walk home with me. I was standing beside Mother. She answered saying they were there with the wagon. Sadie and I could ride home.

When the horses started Isaac and Aaron jumped in the back of the wagon, and rode as far as the corner. Cousin Edd Fulton walked home with Jame. Alex taking Clara home.

Before we left the school house James Linsie made the announcement, officers for the Sunday school would be elected the next Sunday. All the young people were to attend. He asked us to attend Prayer meeting the next Thursday evening which we all did. Isaac walked home with Sadie and I.

The school house was filled the next Sunday. The young people had decided to elect officers which they did. Harvey Fuller, Superintendent, Alex Hillock assistant, Isaac Bible class teacher. I taught a class. Everything was done by the young people. It was a success.

In June we gave a garden party or social in Uncle Hugh Fuller's orchard to help raise money to pay the Minister his salary which I think was four hundred dollars a year with free use of the parsonage to live in.

The fruit trees were pink and white with blossoms. Chinese lanterns hung from the branches lighting up the whole orchard.

Long tables were made from boards and filled to

overflowing with all kinds of good food. Fried chicken, cold sliced ham, pickles, cakes, pies and jellies.

The seats were made by taking long boards the length of the table placing either end on a chair then putting two chairs in the center of the board to strengthen them.

The neighbors donated the use of chairs and dishes, each bringing his share of the food which was served.

The nicest looking cakes were kept to be sold at auction. Mr. Spaulding doing the auctioneering.

After supper had been served the tables cleared, each one taking her dishes and a share of the cut cake and other food which was not used on the tables, the auctioneer would mount the platform and begin.

"Who wants this nice cake for five or ten cents," whichever was being bid.

The cake I took was called a pyramid cake.

It was baked in four different size cake pans. The first was a flat bottom three quart the next a two quart pan, then a one quart the top cake was baked in a teacup.

After frosting the largest cake the next one was placed on it and frosted until all four cakes placed on top of each other looked like a miniature mountain of snow.

We would put frosting made from the beaten whites of eggs and sugar over them about three times.

On the last coating before it was dry we would place candies of different shapes and colors. At the top of the smallest cake an ornament was placed making a beautiful pyramid.

The cake mother made for me was the last one to be sold. It was getting late. The clouds were getting blacker.

There were distant sounds of thunder. Seven dollars had been bid on the cake. Mr. Spaulding was going to knock the cake down to Isaac when Jake Malum rode up on horse back and shouted I bid five cents.

Then the excitement began. The two boys bidding against each other. Jake saying he was not going to allow Hillock to take home Miss Wheeler's cake.

The bidding was fast. The storm was getting nearer. We could hear the distant roll of thunder. Mr. Spaulding shouted eleven dollars and fifteen cents has been bidden. Is the cake going to Hillock. Mr. Windsor, our county blacksmith shouted, "I bid five cents." That is where the boys lost out, each waiting for the other. The cake was knocked down to Mr. Windsor for five cents amidst cheering and shouts of laughter just as the rain began to fall.

Every one hurrying to get under shelter, the women running to the house, men to the barns. It proved to be just a passing shower. Edd took Jane home in his two seated buggy. Isaac and I riding in the back seat. It was on our way home.

That night on the way home Isaac put his arm around me and drawing me closer to him asked me to promise him not to let Joe French come to see me.

Early in the evening Joe and Wash came to the party. They had intended taking Sadie and I to the party.

We had not seen them for about six weeks. They were home helping their father with the spring seeding. He lived at Richmond forty miles from where we lived.

Jane, Sadie and I were on the Committee. We went early in the afternoon.

When the boys came they found Joe and Wash at our table, heard them ask us to let them take us home.

It was easy for me to tell Isaac I would not go with Joe again as I did not care for him and I liked Isaac more than I had ever liked any boy.

When Aaron and Sadie were ready to go home he went to the barn to find his younger brother had taken the buggy and left a horse for him. They had to walk home, Aaron leading the horse behind.

We attended Sunday school every Sunday. Tuesday nights practiced singing. Thursday night was Prayer meeting.

The attendance was good on those nights. All the young people going, each one having their part to do.

I didn't realize at the time but years later I knew it was more to meet our beaux than do our religious duty.

We were a happy carefree lot, always joining in singing the beautiful hymns, bowing our heads at prayer even if we girls silently laughed all during the time which we often did. Youth can not be serious at all times.

Sometimes we were planning where we would meet the next Sunday after Sunday school. Other times while the Sisters and brothers were offering up prayers we girls with bowed heads would plan the making of a dress some one of us had, or the remodeling of an old one, or tell each other some secret we had been wanting to tell.

There were times we thought of nothing but our prayers. We would pray as earnestly and devoutly as the older people thanking God for all he had done for us believing in him and asking him to guide us through this stormy life.

Cousin Clara Fuller was a pretty girl who had plenty of beaux. One young man was always asking to walk home with her. She never liked him and always refused.

This night - while at the meeting he came in. Clara was going home with Sadie and I to spend a few days there. Emes walk up the Creek that is what she called him.

Tonight I am going to say yes when he asks to walk home with me girls, just see the look of surprise on his face when we turn to go down to the lake. He will certainly know how to pack sand before he gets home. We will walk him through the middle of the road he will not be able to see the sod.

After the last hymn had been sung the benediction pronounced and handshaking over we girls started to leave the school house.

Here he comes. Now for the fun, the fun.

Certainly she answered, when he asked her. Fortunately I am alone tonight. Jack was game when he found he had an extra walk of three miles with three giggling girls and my step-brother. He appeared to enjoy it as much as we. He never again asked Clara to walk with her.

We had such a wonderful bathing beach. All of our girl friends would come and visit sometime during the summer.

Our bathing suits were old dresses we had discarded. We used the fish house for our dressing room.

If we had been photographed we would never have been called bathing beauties. Our dresses were faded and ragged, came to the ground except where a piece had been torn from them.

Our hair was in braids down our back, or hung loose if we were in a hurry to be the first one in the water.

It was great sport to go in when the wind was blowing. Four girls would hold hands; as a big white cap would come we would all raise up at the same time high enough to keep our heads out of the water.

Once when I went to dive my big toe caught in a hole in my dress. I went down very fast. The dress gave way. I came up all right but a little frightened.

The sixteenth of July Isaac told me he loved me, asked me to marry him. I loved him and promised to be his wife.

We decided to keep our engagement a secret. Just tell Sadie, Alex and Clara. When Alex asked Clara to marry him I was the first one she told. She and I had been school chums all the time. We attended Birch school, we telling each other all our secrets.

When Isaac asked me to marry him I was so happy I had to tell someone. I knew Sadie nor Clara would not tell. I was very much in love. When a young girl of sixteen loves she cares nothing for money. It's just her sweetheart to her. He is a hero, perfect in her eyes. She sees none of his faults or weaknesses.

We must keep our secret from our parents. They would say we were too young to marry.

When Will had asked me to marry him I did not realize the difference between love and sympathy. He was alone with neither parents, brother nor sister. His loneliness appealed to me. When he asked me to marry him I said yes not realizing what I was doing. Mother did not object, thinking, I suppose, I would have a good home. I soon learned it was not love I felt for him.

How wonderful is love. It makes the sun shine

brighter, trees look greener, the flowers take on a different hue.

How happy we were with our secret. Each time Isaac came he would tell me how much greater was his love.

I never tired of him repeating the world old words of how I love you.

There was to be an oyster supper at Mr. Hillock's. I was at Cousin Clara's. Edd was taking us in the cutter.

While crossing the bridge over the Birch Creek the horse choked from a tight collar it was wearing.

It fell over the railing taking cutter, Edd and I with it. Clara jumped. The horse broke through the ice. I went down between the ice and the shafts of the cutter.

I was wearing a long ulster. It caught on the horns of the harness and held me. The horse was so badly choked it did not struggle until after they had taken me from the icy water.

Mr. Stotts one of the neighbors was passing with a sleigh load going to the supper. They wrapped me in blankets taking me with them.

That night Mrs. Hillock became suspicious of our secret.

My frozen clothing was taken off. I wrapped in a wool blanket. Bottles filled with hot water were put in the bed around me. I was kept there until after supper.

Isaac carried a bowl of oyster soup to my room. He and Sadie stayed with me nearly all the evening.

We could hear Mrs. Travers the Minister's wife playing the organ the older people were singing hymns.

When Isaac, Sadie and I went down stairs the young people were in the back parlor playing games. One of the favorite games was called the needle eye.

It was played by placing two chairs with the backs opposite leaving space to walk between them. A boy and girl could stand on either chair clasping hands holding them high above the open space. The boys and girls who wanted to play the game would join hands forming a circle. Marching between the chairs under the clasped hands of the boy and girl who were standing on them. They would all join in singing.

The needles eye that does supply
The thread that runs so truly
There is many a lass I have passed
Because I wanted you.

As the last line was sung the boy and girl on the chair would drop their arms over a boy or girl passing underneath. The circle would stand still while they all sang.

Because I wanted you,
With a kiss so sweet, a bow so neat
There is many a lass I have passed
Because I wanted you.

If a boy was caught they would change the last two lines and sing.

There is many a beau I've let go
Because I wanted you.

The boy or girl who was caught would take the place of the one on the chair, the one getting down would join the circle repeating the same lines until all had been caught.

Another game was called

"Over the river to Feed the Sheep.

This game is played about the same as the Virginia Reel is danced.

While playing it we would all sing,

Over the River to feed the sheep,
Over the river to Charley
Over the River to feed the Sheep
And get a load of Barley.

Pretty pink I suppose you think
I can not do without you
I will let you know before I go
I care but little about you.

We played this game mostly at taffy pulls, or just an ordinary party, never at any doings for the church as we were all good methodists and did not think it right to dance.

Other games such as Snap and Catch them, drop the handkerchief, picking and handing down cherries. These were all kissing games.

Our other amusements for the fall and winter were husking bees where all of us would husk corn in the barn by lantern light or out of the shack on a moonlight night.

We were served with a good supper after which we had lots of fun.

Then again we would be invited to a paring bee where we would pare, cut and string apples on a cord hang them up on a rack made over the stove near the ceiling to dry for the years use.

Going home we would often run horses trying to pass each other.

Sleigh ride parties were frequent. A big sleigh box filled with straw (a blanket was spread over the straw), all of us sitting on the floor of the box against the sides, each boy trying to sit by the girl he liked best.

Such laughing, singing and shouting. Those were happy days.

Our summer amusements were buggy riding, picnics, rowing on the lake and going to the big circus when it came to town.

The oyster suppers were always to help pay the Minister's salary, each boy always paying for the girl he had taken.

I did not go home with Clara as we had planned. Mrs. Hillock insisting on me staying there until the next afternoon.

The next day just before dinner Isaac came in with a two quart pail of nice oysters.

The night before while coming from the barn he saw a woman go to the back of the house and hide something in the snow.

After she had gone in the house he went and found this pail. He took it out of the snow and hid it in an empty rain barrel.

This woman always managed in some way to get a pail of oysters to take home from every supper she attended.

Mrs. Hillock made an oyster stew, telling Isaac he was no better than Mrs. Alto who had taken them.

That day before Isaac took me home Mr. Hillock said I should sue the county for damages. He said I could get five hundred dollars. He would swear to the condition I was in when I came to his house.

I told him I could not see why the county should be responsible for the collar on Ed's horse being too small. He said the railing at the end of the bridge wasn't high enough for protection. It would be nice for me to have five hundred dollars. I could not see why the county was at fault and did not sue. If I had, it probably would have changed my whole life as I would have had money of my own.

Alex and Clara's engagement was announced. Both families were well pleased. They would be married the twenty-seventh day of December. I had gone down to Grandmother's. She was teaching me to make buttonholes. I could do dressmaking the next summer.

Clara had planned on Isaac and I, her brother Harvey and his girl Ella Steeker to stand up with them when she was married.

Alex was going to Pt. Huron. He was to bring me home. His father was with him. He said there was no time to go for me that day. I could come later. I was to go to the wedding with Isaac. I did not get home until after the night before the wedding. There was no word for me concerning their plans.

The next day when they were loaded in the sleigh Mr. Hillock told Isaac there was no room for me. He could take Anna Rutledge. She was visiting them.

That is where Isaac made the first mistake. He should have resented the slight to me and stayed from the wedding or insisted on my being there. He did not realize it until long after.

When he came to see me that night he told me they had all had such a nice time and explained why he did not come after me. I was very unhappy about it but did not let anyone know how I felt.

When Clara came home she came to see me and told me she was so disappointed when she found I did not come with Isaac, but it was too late for Ed or Harvey to go after me, as they both were late in getting there with their girls.

From then on Isaac was unable to come to see me so often. His father kept him busy doing chores until too late to come.

By spring Mother had heard the rumor that Mr. Hillock objected to Isaac going with me. Mother naturally resented it and wanted me to tell Isaac not to come. I was too much in love to even think of such a thing.

He came one Sunday evening. Mr. Caves refused to speak to him. The next time he came Mother showed by her actions

he was not wanted there.

A Canadian woman kept busy going from Mrs. Hillock to Mother then back to Mrs. Hillock making all the trouble she could.

Isaac would come to see me telling me how much he loved me and begging me not to listen to anything I heard and always love him.

I do not think a girl could love her sweetheart more than I did.

Mrs. West wanted a sewing girl. She had four children and was expecting another one in September. Mother let me go. I stayed there all summer.

Isaac came to see me. He always came on horseback. He had twelve miles to come. Each time he came we would say we would never let our people part us, our love was too great.

One day Dr. West was called down to see Esther Hillock who was an invalid. He was asking Isaac when he was coming up.

When he went to go home Mr. Hillock followed him out to the buggy and asked him if Isaac went to see me, saying he had forbidden him going. Doctor said Isaac told him we were to be married.

Mr. Hillock said the idea of my son Isaac marrying poor Josie Wheeler. We knew what the trouble was. He wanted him to marry ready money as Alex had.

When Clara and Alex were married her father gave her a cow, twenty live hens, eight sheep, two pigs and money for furniture. Aunt Annie, her mother gave her dishes, quilts, pillows, bed linen, feather ticks for two beds, rag carpets for two bedrooms and a large living room.

Mr. Hillock borrowed the money Uncle Hugh had given her for furniture, he buying her furniture on credit later. Clara paid for it with butter and eggs. He also sold four of her fat sheep and used the money.

Isaac was better looking than Alex. He had auburn hair and brown eyes. I thought him handsome. Why couldn't he marry a girl with pigs, hens, sheep and a cow. There was Eva Graham, the Cole girls besides many others their fathers were all willing to have their daughters marry one of his boys. No Isaac should never marry Josie Wheeler that was final.

I went from Mrs. West's to stay with Grandmother to finish my sewing lessons.

I stayed there nearly all winter. Isaac did not come often to see me.

Alex and Clara came often to see me. I was to do sewing for Clara.

When I reached home I found Isaac had been taking another girl home from the meetings.

Elder Travers was holding revival meetings at the Birch school house, had been for the past two weeks.

Mother said now was my chance to quit going with him. If he cared for me he would never have taken another girl home.

I went to meetings with my stepbrother Dannie who never failed me. When we arrived the school house was crowded. Isaac sat up nearly to the front of the school house.

Sarah sat in the center seat. I had to sit in the very back next the door. I think everyone in the school house saw me when I came in, excepting Isaac. Sarah whispered

something to Eva Graham and they both laughed.

While the members were telling their experiences I was trying in my mind to form some plan that would let Isaac know I was at the school house.

An old lady whom everyone called Aunt Sib and old Mr. Ferrett always were the last ones to testify.

I must think of something soon. Aunt Sib was telling she had a fellow feeling in her bosom for all the Sistren and Brethern. Soon Mr. Ferrett would be saying Thank God since he was no better he was no worse and for seventy years the winds had whistled through his branches and stripped them of their foliage, but thank God his old trunk stood firm as ever.

After he sat down the Minister was asking all who wanted to be prayed for to arise and ask for prayers. Now was my chance. I arose and asked all the members to pray for me. When Isaac heard my voice he turned and looked at me in surprise. He knew I was there. I had accomplished what I wanted.

Isaac knew I was there. If he preferred Sarah to me this was his chance to let me know. In those days in the country when two were engaged no one expected them to go with anyone else. We had been engaged nearly two years. After the meeting was over and the handshaking all around the crowd was leaving the school house, Isaac passed Sarah and came down and shook hands with me. Dannie came and asked me if I was ready to go home. Isaac took my arm and said yes, but he was going with me. How little it takes to make one happy. I think I was the happiest girl at the meeting. When we started home I asked him who was going home with Sarah. I am not he said for my own girl is home. Then he raised my veil and kissed me telling me how he

had missed me and I was the only girl he had ever loved and the only one he could ever love. He had gone home with Sarah twice that was through courtesy. Her brother saw them talking. He took another girl home and left Sarah. Isaac had to take her home.

The next time Isaac came to see me I told him what his father had told Dr. West. That made our love greater. No we would not marry until our parents gave their consent. Mother had told me she would much rather see me dead than marry him.

Clara and Alex were living in the Birch house. I would meet him there as neither Mother nor Mr. Caves spoke to him when he came to see me.

Mother had never forbidden me going with him but I knew she did not like it. The next afternoon I went to stay with Grandmother, from there to Uncle James. I did sewing for Aunt Annie. She had three little girls. I lived with them about four months until after her baby came then I went home and stayed until spring.

I was eighteen. Isaac twenty-two. He asked his father's consent to our marriage. If he would not give it he would go away and work. He was needed at home. It would save hiring a man. Mr. Hillock told him if he would stay at home until after harvest he would give him a deed to the Wintchel forty.

Isaac had been cutting wood for a man on the shore road. He gave the money to his father to make a payment on the land he was to get.

After he had underbrushed and cleared ten acres on the land he asked his father for the deed.

Mr. Hillock told him that it was made to his mother. He would have to get her to deed him the land.

When Isaac asked her for it she told him she would never give him anything until he had sense enough to marry a girl who had either prospects or money.

He came to me very much disappointed. He had intended showing me the deed and telling me his father had given his consent to our marriage.

We were all brought up to believe we should honor our parents and do just about as they wished us to do. Believing that he stayed at home and helped them all summer. His father said he could have what he would make the next winter.

My brother Neldo had been wanting Sadie and I to go to Cadillac.

When Isaac told me he had decided to stay at home, for the first time I was discouraged with him.

I then decided to go to Cadillac. I said goodbye to him, went down to Aunt Sarah McElroy, from there I went to Cadillac.

I had written Neldo when I would arrive but did not wait for an answer.

I expected him to meet me as I would not get in until ten o'clock at night.

When I arrived he was not there. A runner for the Balfour House took me to the hotel.

I asked him if he knew Neldo Wheeler. He did and said he would take me where he lived.

His landlady told me he was sick and had gone to the hospital at Grand Rapids. I went back to the hotel and

stayed that night.

Neldo had not written home of being sick as he did not want to worry mother. He had been sick three months.

What to do I did not know. I had only one dollar and thirty-five cents. My room would be fifty cents and breakfast twenty-five.

We did not get back to the hotel until nearly eleven o'clock. I would not eat supper. I must save my money.

In the morning I walked two miles over to Harristown to find Ransome Burche's wife who had divorced him. She had been living with her mother.

When I reached there I found she had married and moved away.

Her mother sent me over to a brother of Mrs. Buck whom I had known. He was married and living with his mother-in-law. They kept boarders.

Mrs. Satterlee was very nice to me. Ella the married daughter had one child and was expecting another. Cora her younger daughter was to be married soon.

I had plenty of sewing. I sewed for forty-cents a day, board and room.

I wrote to my brother. He came there and I paid his board with the money I earned.

His board was only two dollars and fifty cents a week.

Men worked ten hours for a days work at one dollar a day.

When the weather became sultry and hot Neldo went

went out in the country to stay.

While out walking he met a boy, Nick Rivers, whom he knew. Nick went home and told his mother Neldo Wheeler had consumption. She and Nick came after Neldo. He must go home with them.

He had helped her when Mr. Rivers died. She had never been able to pay him. Now she could repay him for his kindness by caring for him. He could stay until cold weather.

I was very glad of the help as Cora was married. I had all the sewing finished for them.

I was going to sew for a Mrs. Button whose husband kept a hotel in Cadillac. I could not make enough to pay my board and Neldo's. Fifty cents a day board and room was all I was being paid. Board was three dollars and fifty cents a week at that hotel.

I sewed there three weeks. The first work I did was for her little girl. I did nicely with that as I was used to making children's clothes.

Such a time I had with the velvet dress for Mrs. Button. The extension pleat was something new. She wanted one in her basque which was tight-fitting to the waistline and eight inches below over the front and hips. The pleat was made in the back seam below the waistline.

How to get that pleat I did not know. I worried and studied on it all the time I was sewing for her little girl. Tomorrow I must cut that velvet dress. The good Lord must have heard my prayers. As I slept that night, I dreamed just how to make that pleat.

I did not know much or I could have bought a pattern. I had learned to cut by a chart and thought I must cut everything by that.

Brother Neldo was growing worse. The weather was getting cold. I must write and tell Mother just what the doctor said.

The answer to the letter came. Sister Sadie would come to Cadillac if Neldo wanted to go home. Mother would send him the money. When he read the letter he was glad to go. He received the money the following week.

When Sadie received my letter she was living in Pt. Huron. She did not go home before leaving for Cadillac and did not know Mother had sent the money to Neldo. He left Cadillac for home the third day of December, eighteen eighty-three. Sadie had left Pt. Huron that morning for Cadillac. They passed at Saginaw not knowing it.

I had gone to sew for Mrs. Hogen in November making sheets, pillow slips and towels for the hotel. I was there when Sadie arrived. After she came Mrs. Hogen said we could room if we would help her the days we did not have sewing.

We were very glad we would not have to pay board the days we were at home.

Mother was glad to see Neldo but very much grieved when she had taken him to Doctor Haywood, one of the doctors who had taken care of my father. He told her Neldo could not live long.

Isaac left home early in the fall. He wrote me he was going to start for himself but never wrote me what he was doing.

In October he went home, told his father he had a logging job. Mr. Hillock wanted to furnish the teams, they would go in partners.

After looking over the timber they came back hired men and teams to go in the woods. Mrs. Hillock and Clara went to do the cooking. Isaac came to Cadillac and spent a week at Christmas time. He was very enthusiastic telling me how much he would make.

When spring came the men were paid. His father took all the money they had made. It had been a bad winter, not much more to haul logs. Isaac was no better off than the year before.

Kiah Hogen loved Sadie the first time he saw her. When she came to Cadillac he met her at the train. She did not leave a sweetheart at home. She was free to go with him.

I had not went out with a boy excepting Isaac in over two years. I was taught an engagement was as sacred as marriage.

After Saide came she and Kiah always asked me to go with them. Other boys would ask me but I always refused.

The first of March we received a letter from Mother saying Neldo could not live much longer.

Sadie and I went home. It was hard to see an only brother and know he must leave us so soon.

When Sadie last saw him he was a beautiful boy of eighteen; now at twenty-two he must go where there is no returning. We could see death in his face.

When we arrived home we found the barn with grain, hay, six cows, four horses had burned the week before.

The only way it could be accounted for was a tramp

had gone in the hay mow to sleep, had lighted his pipe and in some way had set fire to the hay. An old clay pipe was found in the ruins. Mr. Caves and my stepbrothers did not smoke.

The night of the fire Mother was up with Neldo at about twelve o'clock. She saw the reflection of the fire through the window. She ran outdoors. The barn was but a big blaze.

When Mr. Caves and the boys went out it was too late to save anything excepting the sheep and chickens which were in another building.

That was a heavy loss to them. They were insured in a company which was supposed to be reliable. They had been insured in that company for years.

Each policy was taken out for three years. When the last one was made out Mother mentioned a seine which had been bought by my stepfather and one of the neighbors. The policy said anything owned in partnership should be specified.

The seine was put in the loft of the barn each winter. Mother wanted the agent to change the policy. He said the Company would never let that make any difference even if the barn did burn.

Mr. Caves said they had been insured many years and never had a fire, there was no danger, let it go as it was.

When he tried to collect the insurance he could not get it because of the seine not being mentioned as being owned in partnership, it broke the policy.

Mr. Hillock and Isaac arrived home on Monday before I reached home. Isaac had written me he was helping his father take the teams home.

I had been to Uncle Hugh's for milk. When passing

Clara's on my way home I saw Isaac. He asked me if he could come to see me that night.

Mother and I were in the room with Neldo when he came. I told Sister Sadie he was coming. Sadie opened the door when he rapped.

When Mr. Caves saw who it was he left the room, came in and told Mother that scapegoat was here.

Mother asked who he meant. It's easy to know now that Josie is home.

I knew who it was. I went out and asked Isaac to come in and see my brother. They had never met. Mother and my stepfather both left the room neither of them speaking to him.

That night after he had gone Neldo said, that is the man who is making so much trouble for you.

Not so much, brother, as our parents are making for us.

When I asked him how he liked Isaac he said if I was only well I would know more what kind of a man he will make.

While visiting me in Cadillac Isaac had planned on our being married in the spring. Now everything was changed. Many years later Isaac told me he made eight hundred dollars that winter. His father kept it.

Neldo grew weaker each day.

Sadie and I had been home five weeks. Sister Lavinia was at Grandmothers. Mother sent for her to come home.

Saturday evening Neldo asked me to sit with him. He wanted to talk about the ones he knew in Cadillac.

He knew Sadie was going to marry Kiah Hogen. He asked me if I had met Mort Lovelace. If you have not you will as soon as he knows you are at Kiah's.

Do you remember, Josie, of me writing and telling you

I had traded you to one of the boys for one of his sister. Mort is that man. He will claim you.

He has told me so many times just the kind of girl he wanted for his wife. Your sister is a perfect description of her.

Then we talked of Bell Hawkins the girl who he was to have married. He knew he would never see her again.

That night about ten o'clock Isaac was coming from Pt. Huron. Seeing the lights in the house he came in to see how Neldo was.

He stayed with us about an hour when he left for home it was nice moonlight. A few minutes later there was no moon to be seen. It was pitch dark.

Neldo and I talked of the darkness. He said Josie if you marry that man your life will be bright for just a short time then it will be the blackness of tonight.

I sat with him. He slept a short time, then asked for mother.

When she came we saw he was much worse. He passed away the next day at four o'clock it was. Sunday, April eighteen eighty-four, two days later he was laid beside our father in the Baker Cenetery.

One week later Sadie and I returned to Cadillac.

Isaac came to see me the night before I left for Cadillac.

His plans were to go up there in May. He would get work. We would be married.

Mother and I had talked about me marrying him. Very reluctantly she had given her consent.

Kiah met Sadie and I. It was Saturday night. Monday morning we began the spring sewing.

Sadie would be married in September, I sometime in the summer.

When not busy with other work we were making pretty clothes for ourselves.

Our dresses were alike. The material was steel grey brocaded silk, made tight-fitting basque waist, tight sleeves with an ecru lace cuff, small turnover white collar, the basque buttoned down the front.

An overskirt with pleats on the left front side the right side front hanging straight, the back was the same only the pleats were on the left side of the back. An underskirt with twelve inch box pleating at the bottom.

June was here. In Isaac's letters he did not mention coming. I would not ask him to come.

In one of Clara's letters she wrote me he was spending his Sunday evenings with a girl who lived near them.

Idlewild, the summer resort was open. Kiah, Sadie and I were going over on the boat. Kiah came in and said Will Collins wanted to be one of the party.

When Sadie told him I did not want Will to go with me Kiah laughed and said we will be back before that fellow from your home gets here.

I had been in Cadillac over one year. This was the first time I had been any place for pleasure.

After I went that Sunday it was easier to go again. Will had two sisters living there. We all went out together.

Sundays Will's sisters invited us for dinner. She told me he was her only brother. They had come from Higgenwell, New York to Cadillac. His parents were getting old. They wanted him to marry and take care of them.

Before doing so he wanted to earn enough money to build an addition on the house which was to be his with the twenty-five acres if he took care of his parents.

His desire was to have a nice span of Bay horses and a Phayeton.

He had left a girl at home waiting for him. I was the only girl he had paid any attention to since leaving home.

Mrs. Nicols liked me better than the girl at home, told me she was glad Will had met me.

Mrs. Rudd, his other sister did not like me. She told me he was engaged to a girl back home whom he was going to marry.

That did not trouble me. I did not care for no one but Isaac. I told her I, too, had a sweetheart back home whom I was going to marry.

I was having a much better time than I had thought I could. Why should I stay at home all the time when Isaac was spending his time with Mrs. Moore's sister.

When Will thought he was in love with me I would not see him again.

Mrs. Nicols, his sister came to see me and begged me to marry him as he loved me.

What about the girl who has waited two years for him? I asked her. Tell him for me its her he loves not me.

That fall he went back home, married the girl who had waited so long for him and lived happy ever after.

It was Sunday. Sadie and Kiah were in the sitting room. I went to the kitchen to make ice cream.

Kiah was having an addition of fifty feet built for a dining room with sleeping rooms on the second floor.

The old dining room, kitchen, sitting room and bedrooms had been moved back the fifty feet. The dining room was not finished but we were using it.

I was in the old room. It was a hot day. I had on a loose mother hubbard dress. My hair was hanging loose down my back.

The ice was cracked and packed with salt in a small washtub. I, on my knees, turning a pail trying to freeze the cream. Mr. and Mrs. Hogen had gone out for the day.

Someone spoke. I looked up to see a pair of laughing blue eyes looking at me.

I could feel the color come to my face as I realized how funny I looked on my knees turning a pail in half circles as though my life depended on it.

Loose dress, hair combed straight back hanging down, the ends lying on the floor, the hair at either side was pinned to keep it from falling in my face.

I was singing: 'Just one year ago today, my love,' a line from the song called "In the cottage by the sea."

I could see he wanted to laugh when he asked for Kiah.

I told him he was in the sitting room.

There is no hurry in seeing him, he said as he walked over and sat opposite me on a pile of lumber.

He then introduced himself as Mort Lovelace, not waiting for me to answer he said, "You are Josie Wheeler, a sister of my friend Neldo."

Then I remembered what Neldo had said the time we had a talk.

He walked over offered his hand. Still kneeling I shook hands with him. I was wishing he would go when he offered to turn the pail for me.

I handed him the pail and got up and sat in a chair beside the tub without speaking.

When he had been turning the pail a few minutes he looked at me and said "Miss Wheeler I know you are from the farm and used to hired me."

I looked at him in surprise and asked why he thought so.

Farmers never talk to their help as they think they will work better if they are not disturbed.

You need not feel that way about me, as I expect to work a long time for you. Neldo gave you to me or we traded sisters the only thing he did not do you justice when describing you.

You certainly have the most beautiful hair I have ever seen.

I was glad to see Sadie and Kiah. I did not know how to answer this man.

"Hello, Murt, what are you doing here?" Kiah said as they shook hands.

"Just came to congratulate you. I heard today you were going to marry one of Neldo Wheeler's sisters. I came to see which one. You are a lucky fellow to get a sister of Neldo Wheeler and I see it's not interfering with my plans."

Kiah chopped and packed more ice and salt around the pail. The boys filled four dishes with the ice cream. We all sat on the lumber pile and ate it, Kiah telling us what a favorite Murt was with the girls.

When we had finished the boys went in the office.

"Well, Sister what do you think of Murt Lovelace?" I asked Sadie.

"I think he is the best mannered man I have ever met,

not goodlooking but nice eyes, he talks with them."

That is the man Neldo traded sisters with. Evidently he has not forgotten it. That is what he was telling me when you and Kiah came in.

"Why, Joe, you must have made an impression," Sadie laughingly said.

"I think I did. Look at this loose dress, my hair flying around me."

"Sister you do not realize how nice you look. I admire Mort's taste."

The Mother Hubbard had just made it's appearance in that small town.

Attractive in this loose dress, when we were expected to wear tight-fitting dresses. When I had finished dressing, wearing a tight-fitting dress which made a good display of hips and busts, Mrs. Hogen came in. We went to the kitchen to help with the supper. This was her girl's day off. They had every other Sunday afternoon and evening.

Supper must be on the table at six o'clock. Platters of sliced cold meats, warmed over potatoes, cookies, cake, pickles, sauce, bread and butter. Each man helping himself.

Sadie waited table. Mrs. Hogen and I dishing up the food and pouring tea.

Kiah would come through the dining room always bring out a pile of dirty dishes to the kitchen.

As soon as the dishes were carried out I would begin washing them. When the boarders had finished eating I had all the dishes washed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogen, Kiah, Sadie and I always ate together. That night Kiah invited Mort to have supper with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogen were pleased to see Mort, he being a favorite, calling her Mother. There was much laughing and talking at the table. We were all happy.

After supper the boys came to the kitchen. Mort helped me with the dishes. Kiah swept the floor while Sadie arranged the dining room tables.

After everything was done we four went for a walk. It was too late to go to church.

Mort leaving for camp about ten o'clock. He was to meet three of his men who had come down with him on his velosepede.

When leaving he did not ask me if he could come and see me thanked me for the pleasant evening and said I would see him in a day or two before I could answer him he said goodnight and was gone.

When I went through the sitting room Kiah laughed at me and said you will not get rid of Mort as easy as you did Collins. He will come and see you if he knew you was to be married next week. He would make you believe he did not believe it. I can not understand it but he never does a thing a girl takes offense at.

Kiah met Tom Graham in the hardware store. He congratulated him and said he heard he was going to be married. He told him not to let Lovelace see his girl or he would take her from him. Kiah told him she had a sister.

He said Nellie likes Mort pretty well but I am not jealous there is not a man in Cadillac I like better than Lovelace.

Tom Graham was sixteen years older than his wife Nellie. He had been a neighbor to father Lovelace near Finlay City.

Tom had gone to Cadillac years before to go in the lumber business. He was successful but his business was the ruination of him. He became a heavy drinker.

At thirty one years of age he married a girl of fifteen years. Her father kept hatern and salonn. After he was married he drank more than he ever had.

He met Mort on the street, knew him and took him out to his country home which was a drive of two miles from Cadillac. He also owned a beautiful home on the hill in Cadillac.

They had just moved to the farm for the summer. He kept Mort all summer to look after the men who worked for him.

In the fall when he opened camps he made Mort one of his foremen, all the time treating him as one of the family.

That winter Nellie's baby was born. Tom drank more than ever leaving her night after night with no one but the hired girl for company while he spent his time in the saloons.

The next summer he took Mort to the farm to look after his men.

Nellie would put her baby in bed take a book and read until Tom came home or it was so late she knew he could not come home that night.

Mort and she began reading aloud to each other to pass the time.

Tom had become very abusive to Nellie when he was drinking, often striking her if she was alone when he came home.

He liked lemon pie expecting Nellie to always have one baked when he wanted it.

Tom had not been home for a week. Nellie had no lemons. When they baked the pies she made a filling and flavored it strong with lemon extract. When it was baked it looked like lemon pie.

He came home. They were at the table. He picked up the pie, looked at it. Taking the plate by the edge he threw it at her saying, "you can't fool me."

The plate hit her on the cheek cutting it badly. She has a scar she will carry as long as she lives.

Mort took Tom to his room, put him to bed and locked the door. Then he and the hired girl took care of Nellie.

When he had slept and become himself he was very sorry and ashamed for what he had done.

He made Mort promise him to take care of Nellie when he was drinking.

He left them alone more than ever. Mort a boy of eighteen, Nellie only sixteen. Who could blame her if she loved him and did not care for her husband.

Mort has told me if he had been older Nellie may not have been so safe with him.

He liked Tom Graham who had taken him in his home as one of the family and given him a chance to make good. It would of taken years of work at his age to have been given charge of a camp.

No thought of wrong-doing entered his mind. Nellie to him was just an abused and neglected wife but a good woman.

The years passed. Tom had whiskey consumption, the doctors said he could not live a year. When he died would Nellie and Mort marry. Kiah told Sadie and I that Tom expected Mort to marry Nellie after he was gone.

When their friends would mention it Mort would always say he had never thought of such a thing. Tom to him was a big brother who he loved.

Tuesday night, it had rained all day, would Mort come the nine miles in the rain. I had heard so much about him I was interested.

Sadie and I were in the sitting room. We heard Kiah coming, he was laughing when he opened the door. Mort was with him, the water dripping from his raincoat.

Kiah said, just see what I caught in the shower. When Mort took off his raincoat and hat you would never have thought he had rode a velocipede nine miles through the rain.

We four spent a pleasant evening. Mort told us of one man who had been out drinking every night for a month and Mort got him sober as he would get delirium and tremors.

His plan was to have each of the seventy men he had charge of to tell this man he looked sick. When he left for home he had great hopes of sobering this man.

When he came down on Sunday he told us his plan had worked. Before noon they had the man in bed where he had stayed the balance of the week. Mort sat with him every evening telling him how badly he was looking.

Sunday morning he told the boys he had quit drinking, advised them never to take another glass. He was going to save his money. No one would ever see him drunk again.

It was the twenty-seventh of August. Tomorrow was a big day. The circus was coming to town. Sadie and I had worked in the kitchen all day baking pies, cakes, cookies and fried cakes.

A big jar of beans sat on the table ready for the oven.

Nuna and Phoebe were washing the dishes. Sadie had gone in the dining room to arrange the tables.

Kiah had brought in a bushel basket of potatoes. He and I were going to pare them for the next day. He had taken them in the store room, put them on a box. I was taking chairs in to sit on.

Dick Barrad walked in the kitchen asked Kiah if he could help pare the potatoes.

Certainly you can. I haven't had time to go to the post office today. Kiah said as he handed Dick the knife.

We sat down with the basket between us. I had met Dick when I first came to Cadillac.

I had often thought how nice he would be if he did not get drunk.

He hadn't been drinking for three months. The boys used to tell him he must be in love. He told them he was. They asked him who the unfortunate girl could be and if she loved him.

He would laugh and say he had not asked her yet. He wanted her to know he could stop drinking, then he would tell her he loved her and ask her to marry him.

Dick was liked by everyone in the house. Here is luck to you and the lady they would say.

We talked about everything but love as we pared the potatoes. He telling me all about his home in Kentucky, his wonderful mother and sister. They wanted him to go home.

I asked him why he didn't go. Read this letter, you will know, He said as he handed me a letter written by his mother.

That is why you are on your good behavior getting ready to go home. Dick we are all glad you have quit drinking.

Kiah came in just as I took the letter out of the envelope.

He handed me a letter from Mort which I put in my apron pocket, but not before Dick had seen the Jannings post mark on it.

When Kiah had gone I unfolded the letter which Dick had given me.

"You will see that letter is for you as well as for me."

"For me?" I asked in surprise, as I began to read, first his sister's and then his mother's letter.

This is what I read.

Dear Miss Wheeler:

Come home and bring that brother of mine with you. If you are half as nice as he thinks you are we will all gladly welcome you.

I have finished school. All we will have to do is to enjoy ourselves. Mother is happy and writing Dick. Say yes and come at once. From Dick's sister Isobel.

Dear Dick:

I can not express in writing the happiness your letter gave me, the possibility of having you home with us again.

You say this girl is good, that is all I ask. There is plenty herefor us all.

I will pray for your success. I, too, Dick wish you had lived a better life. That is past; and will live for the future.

I will send you a check for one thousand dollars as soon as I hear from you. I want to hear voices of your children in the old house before I die.

Give this letter to Miss Wheeler. She will know how gladly I will welcome her.

With love and best wishes, from your Mother.

When I had finished reading the letter Dick reached over the potato basket taking both my hands in his. He told me how he loved me and wanted me to be his wife.

I have loved you for a long time. I know you had a sweetheart who came here to see you. When you were home in March Kiah told me he thought you would be married then.

You came back, went out with other boys. I thought there may be a chance for me.

Do you remember the day I watched you dress Bob's foot. I haven't drank a drop of whiskey since then.

When I saw sympathy in your eyes for a man who had been

hurt while drunk I vowed then I would quit drinking before it was too late.

* "Miss Wheeler, Josie will you marry me." Dick still held my hands. I had been too much surprised to even notice he had been holding them.

When I tried to withdraw them he looked at me and said, "Don't say no. If you are not going to marry Hillock take time and I will teach you to love me. Such love as mine creates love."

"I am going to marry Mr. Hillock. I love him just as much as you do me."

"Then why are you going with Lovelace? That letter Kiah brought was from him."

"Mort knows I am going to marry Isaac Hillock. I have told him. He says when I marry it will be time for him to stop coming to see me."

"Dick, I am sorry you gave me those letters to read. I never thought of your caring for any girl. Your only pleasure seemed to be in drinking. Forget what you have told me. Go home and see your Mother and Sister. Thank them for me for their kindness to a strange girl. Dick, I can never marry you."

"If you love Hillock don't let Lovelace come to see you. If he wants you he will marry you. There isn't a girl he can not go with. Even Tom Graham's wife loves him."

Sadie and Kiah came in to help with the potatoes. Dick gave his chair and knife to Sadie, he was going to his room.

The work was finished. I went to my room to read the letter I received from Mort.

I knew he would ask me to marry him. I wondered why Isaac, who had told me dozens of times how he loved me, stayed away when he had promised to come to Cadillac. He never mentioned coming in his letters.

I then thought of the dark night and brother Neldo saying my life would be bright only a short time if I married Isaac. How he had told me he would like to see me marry Mort who was well liked by all who knew him.

I opened and read Mort's letter.

August 1824,
Camp.

Dear Miss Wheeler:

Thou best of girls I want you to have and to hold until death do us part.

Enough of this. I can hear you say 'How foolish.'

I was working all day yesterday helping build a cabin for one of the men whose wife is going to do washing for the boys this winter.

Just before dark a log rolled on my foot. I could not wear my boot last night. Will be down as soon as I can.

I am going to ask you a question when I come. You can guess what it is. You may just as well make up your mind to say yes. I will keep asking you until you do.

Yours until death, Mort.

I had just finished reading the letter when Sadie came in. Another letter from Mort, she asked. "Jo, you will have to marry that man to get rid of him.

"I wonder what Isaac will say when he realizes there are other men in the world besides himself.

"What he needs is a good jolt to wake him up to the fact that you look just as good to other men as you do to him."

Sister and I told each other our little secrets. I gave her the letter I had received from Mort to read and told her of the nice letters Dick's mother and sister had written.

Sister Jo, if it would not be unfair to Dick and he

didn't drink and you would have to stay married it would serve Isaac right to marry Dick. Take him home, show the Hillocks there are men who do not want money with the girl they marry."

"Sadie, I never could marry Dick. I do not care for him. If Isaac would come up here we could have a nice time. He doesn't want me to go out with anyone. I get lonesome staying in the house when all the boys and girls are out having a good time."

"Jo, if I were you I would not stay in. He promised to come here this summer. Next month is fall. If he doesn't come by that time I would go with any one I wanted to."

"Mort is good company. I would not be surprised if you learned to like him. Kiah says he is a fine fellow." We said goodnight. Tomorrow would be a busy day. The farmers for miles would be in town to see the circus.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer with the baby would sit on the high spring seat.

The wagon box would have straw in the bottom, a quilt or horseblanket would be spread over the straw to keep it from pricking the legs and feet of the children who sit on it. Some of whom would not have shoes and stockings to cover.

A big basket of food would have a prominent place in the wagon box for they would not have twenty-five cents to pay for each dinner.

Often there was no money to buy tickets. They would all watch the parade. The children were satisfied if they could see the elephants and would go home happy.

The more fortunate would come in two seated or single buggies. Go to the hotel for dinner.

The boys dressed in their Sunday best bringing their best girls with them. Some would wear calico, Swiss or hunting made tight-waist and full skirt. Wide brimmed straw or leghorn hats with

long ribbons flying in the wind.

Circus days was a red letter day to the farmer in those days.

The tables were ready in the new dining room. Dinner would be served at eleven thirty. We lived opposite the park which was crowded with eager children to see the parade as it passed. We were all upstairs looking out of the windows. We were up at four in the morning. The work was done to give us time to watch the parade.

As far down the streets as we could see the sidewalk was lined with men who wore red macinaw shirts, high top corked heel boots, faces that had not felt a razor since the fourth of July.

Every lumberjack and riverdriver that could leave their work was down to see the circus. This is a story the riverdrivers used to tell.

"A lumberman from Grand Rapids had taken his wife and daughter on a trip to the camps. While they were watching the riverdrivers at work the daughter asked her father if they ate hay. One of the men hearing her, answered, 'Yes, and some of us have long ears and can bray.'"

Dinner was over. Dick came in and helped with the dishes. He said he had given Mitchel a months notice to get another bookkeeper. He was going home."If in that time you should change your mind I will be the happiest man in Cadillac."

"If you do not I am going to prove to myself that in knowing and loving you it has made a man of me."

Supper was served for Precient at five o'clock; the regular boarders would eat at six fifteen. Sadie and I helped until the last tables were filled. I helping with the dishes, she in the dining room.

Mort was down. Sadie and I were dressed for the circus. We were wearing white embroidery dot Swiss skirts made full

with deep hem, velvet waists made tight-fitting, coming three inches below the waist-line, pointed front and back. Sadie's was dregs of wine. I wore black. The only trimming was buttons and white collar.

We four walked out to the circus grounds. On our way home Mort asked me to marry him. I refused him, but consented to let him come and see me.

When we returned home Bob Abbott was in the office for the first time since May.

While trying to steal a ride he slipped and fell, the wagon wheel running over his toes crushing them. He was drunk at the time. He was brought to the hotel.

Kiah sent for Doctor Wardell the city physician who washed and bandaged his foot and was supposed to take care of it, the county paying the charges.

Bob was nothing but a drunk, the doctor thought it not necessary to give him much care. Even though he was a drunkard he could suffer.

I was passing his room. He called to me. I could see the look of pain in his face. I went to see what I could do for him.

He asked me to undo the bandage. His foot was paining him so badly. When he would try to sit up he would get so faint he could not do it himself.

When I undid it and took the bandage off, I found flies had got in and his toes were covered with maggots.

I went downstairs. Kiah came up with me bringing a pail of warm water. He held the foot over a large bowl. I made a light suds with castile soap. Dipping a sponge in it I would squeeze the water over his foot, until it was thoroughly cleaned. We then covered it with salve and put clean bandages on it.

When we had finished Bob was asleep.

Kiah went to the doctor's office to find he had been on a fishing trip for four days, he would not return until the next day. Kiah left word for him to come to the hotel as soon as he came in.

About two o'clock the next day he came in to see Bob. I had washed and dressed the foot that morning.

Proud-flesh had set in one of the toes. It was necessary to amputate it. Taking his pocket knife he cut the toe off, then asked who had dressed the foot.

He said I had done it as well as he could. That was the last time he dressed the foot, leaving it all to me.

Bob was not able to walk on his foot without a crutch until December. Doctor Wardell collected the bill from the county never thanking me for the work I had done.

Bob's excuse for drinking was, the day he was to have been married his girl was buried. He drank to drown his sorrow. While telling me he bowed his head and wept, saying he knew she was an angel.

"Do you think she would be happy," I asked him, "if she knew of your wasted life here? Try to live as she would have wanted you to."

"I never have thought of that," he said "I wanted to forget."

A Christmas present to Bob from the boys in the house was an outfit of clothing, money enough to take him to his home in Canada.

The following year Kiah and I received a letter saying he had married a sister of the girl who died, was happier than he had ever expected to be.

Sadie and I were busy sewing. She would be married in

two weeks. I, when Isaac came.

We were making all kinds of beautiful underwear, and nightgowns, trimming them with tucks and ruffles, lace and embroidery. We each had one full set consisting of chemis, drawers, undershirt and nightdress which were trimmed with tucks, shirring and hand crocheted lace and insertion. Saturday I received a letter from Mort, the first I had heard from him since circus night.

Camp, Aug. 1884.

Dear Josie:

Thou paragon of perfection if it were possible for such a thing I would say my love for you is greater this week than ever before. My thoughts and dreams have been all for you.

You were so honest with me in saying you could never marry me. You loved another better.

I will be just as honest with you. I am going to take you from that man if I can. You gave me permission to come and see you as often as I wanted to.

You can expect me Tuesdays, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. I will ask you each time to marry me. Something tells me you will get tired of saying no. I will be there nearly as soon as this letter. Yours until death, Mort.

Mort came that evening. When leaving he was standing with his arm around my waist. Before I realized what he intended doing he stooped down and kissed me, saying good night, he went home.

Sunday about ten o'clock he came for me. He had accepted an invitation for dinner with Mr and Mrs. Graham for us.

Mort looked very nice. He was wearing a cutaway coat, white stiff bosom shirt with gold studs down the front. Pearl cuff buttons, black trousers, specked with green, high collar and bow tie.

narrow rim low crow black felt hat, made to order boots which fit perfectly.

I found Mr. Graham looking badly. He dressed for dinner but went to bed as soon as he could after leaving the table.

Before leaving that night he made Mort promise to spend all the time he could with him. He told us he knew he would soon pass away.

Miss Wheeler, if I had only taken Mort's advice, I could have been a well man. But it's too late now. Whiskey has killed me.

Sadie would be married in a few days. We were finishing her dress. We saw a shadow, looked up to see Mr. Hogen standing in the doorway. When he spoke his voice was unnatural. We knew he was drinking. He was what was called a periodical drunkard. It was nearly a year since he had finished his last spree. Sadie had never seen him drunk. He was dressed in the height of fashion. It made no difference how much he drank, he never neglected his personal appearance.

His mustache and hair would be dyed black, while drinking he would wear two gold watches, the chains were fastened to cross the front of his vest. He carried a cane, wore a plug hat, never staggered. He was a pitiful sight, a man of about sixty years, six foot tall and fine looking.

He would drink until he had the delerium tremers. He would see snakes falling from the ceiling on him. Men would have to hold him in bed at times he would become so violent.

They would feed him whiskey gradually until he was sober then he would swear he would never touch another glass.

Mrs. Hogen came in the room where Sadie and I were. She said Hogen is drunk again. I do wish Kiah did not have to see him."

Kiah was an only child whom his mother dearly loved.

Then she told us the life she had lived by being a drunkard's wife. With tears streaming down her cheeks she told us of her daughter Annie who had died three days after graduating from high school. Kiah was all she lived for. He would feel the disgrace of his father being drunk on his wedding day.

Sunday Mort came down. He and Kiah hired a livery team taking Sadie and I for a long ride in the country, came home ate supper and went to church. Came home ate lunch, Kiah and Mort preparing it.

That night before leaving Mort drew me to him and kissed me, asking me when I would say yes and marry him.

Tuesday was a busy day. Mr. Hogen drinking harder than ever. Mrs. Hogen discouraged and sad, Kiah working hard wearing his wonderful smile. If he was disturbed or unhappy no one knew it.

The furniture had been delivered for two rooms over the new dining room. We were busy arranging them.

Mrs. Hogen had gone down stairs to see the supper was properly served, Sadie, Kiah and I were working in the last room when Mort came in. He had left camp early to join the family circle.

Sadie and I went down the back stairs to our rooms to dress for supper. She wore a dark red cashmere dress trimmed with black velvet ribbon, the waist was tight fitting basque with narrow pleating cascaded down the front, the skirt was full with two fine pleated flounces at the bottom.

I wore black henretta made new market, that is a tight-fitting waist extending about six inches below the waist line, knife pleating joined on the waist starting from the first front dart reaching nearly to the bottom of the underskirt which had a ratic front and knife pleating at the bottom. Black satin cuffs and collar finished

dear and want you to be my wife," at the same time putting his arm around me and drawing me to him, covering my face with kisses.

I was human. Why refuse this wonderful love. Yet I thought I loved another. I drew away from him telling him how long we had been engaged and the opposition of both families. "I never can marry you Mort."

"But, dear, you belong to me. Neldo gave you to me. I know he would tell you to marry me if he were here. I read the letter he wrote you saying he had traded sisters.

"Did he never mention my name when talking to you." I told him of the talk we had a few hours before brother died, of the dark cloud passing over the moon, him telling me if I married Isaac my life would be dark after we had been married a short time.

"Marry me, Josie, and forget this man. I will try and make every cloud have a silver lining."

He then told me of his boyhood days, how at school the teacher had insisted on him writing and reading a composition. He could write them but not read them before the school. He begged his father to let him work and quit school.

His father was a millright. He was building a mill that year near Janaly City. The first day it was running he caught one of his sleeves in the band. He was thrown eighty feet. His arm was torn off six inches below the shoulder.

That finished Mort's schooling. He stayed at home over a year to help on the farm.

When his father was well Mort went to Saginaw to work. The following spring he came to Cadillac where he met Mr. Graham. He had worked for him for seven years.

Mort looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock. He was going to stay with Mr. Graham the rest of the night and next day. I must let him kiss me good night. When I told him it was better

the waist.

When we went into the dining room we saw Mr. Hogen seated at one of the tables. He never ate with the family while drinking, fortunately, he sat with his back to us.

Mort was the life of the party. Mrs. Hogen excusing herself almost as soon as she sat down.

When we left the dining room Mort went to visit Mr. Graham for a couple of hours.

Kiah went to the post office. Mr. Hogen came in the sitting room where Mrs. Hogen was. He was very abusive and insulting to her when he was intoxicated.

She left the room while he was abusing her. She motioned Sadie to follow. While in Sadie's room she told her she could not stay to see Kiah married. She would go to Previs City until Mr. Hogen quit drinking.

When Kiah came in he found his mother ready to take the first train. Poor Kiah his smile vanished, he bowed his head on the table and wept the same as he had when a small boy.

Sadie and Mrs. Hogen comforted him the best they could.

I was in the sitting room alone in deep thought when Mort came in. I had not heard him until he spoke.

"A penny is what is generally given but I would give you a nickle for your thoughts."

"You would be cheating yourself by giving the penny, they are not worth it."

He came over and sat beside me. "You know Josie what my thoughts are and have been every day since I have known you. There is no sense in this foolish struggle. You belong to me. I want you more than I ever did anything in my life. Darling, give up that idea that you can never love anyone but that man Hillock. You have been fair to me not mislead me in believing you could love me. I love you

he did not he said, "Josie you would not refuse a straw to a drowning man, would you." He was gone. I had let him hold me in his arms and kiss me. Would I marry him? I did not know.

Mrs. Hogen was gone. Sadie and Kiah were married the next day, Sept. sixteenth, eighteen eighty-four. Mr. Hogen was very bad. Mort would be with him all Sunday night, seeing me just long enough to explain why he could not take me to church.

Monday a letter came from Isaac. He did not mention coming to Cadillac. At the same time I received a letter from Clara telling me Isaac was spending all his spare time at Moores or on the beach with Miss Moore's sister.

That decided me in Mort's favor. He could come as often as he liked.

November had come. Mr. Hogen was having the delerium tremors. He had been in bed over a week. His cries were pitiful to hear. He called for Emeline his wife. When she did not go to him he would call for Sadie or I to hold his hands. This was the first time in his married life Mrs. Hogen had not nursed him through the tremors. How he missed her! If she would only come he would never touch another glass.

Kiah sent for his mother. When she came and found Mr. Hogen filled with the delirium tremors she was very angry, refused to see him the first day she was at home. She seemed to think Sadie and I had told Kiah to send for her.

That made it unpleasant for me. I told Sadie I would go home as soon as I received a letter from Isaac. A week passed, things were unpleasant. I had not heard from Isaac. Mort came down on Saturday. He was spending much of his time with Mr. Graham.

The next day he and Sadie talked to me trying to convince me I should marry him.

I looked up at him standing there, six foot tall, broad shoulders, blue eyes now filled with a look of devotion, dark hair, good forehead, square chin, beautiful teeth and mouth.

He was wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, high collar, blue dotted bow tie.

"Mort, would you marry a girl who tells you she loves another better?"

"Yes, I would marry you, no difference what you would tell me."

We were married that night at seven o'clock at the parsonage. Sadie and Kiah stood up for us. When we reached home he drew me to him saying "May God deal with me as I do you."

Mort was a wonderful sweetheart. Would he make a good husband. Time would tell. I was not unhappy. I liked him. It must have been for the best or it would not have been.

It had all happened in such a short time. There was a feeling I had failed Isaac.

Mort left the next morning at four o'clock for camp.

When I went in the sitting room, a letter from Isaac lay on the table. I opened and read the letter.

Jeddo, Nov. 1884

Dear Josie:

At last I can ask you to come back to me. I will not go to Cadillac this winter. My parents have given their consent to our marriage. I will look for you not later than

Saturday. Will meet you in Pt. Huron, Truly yours, Issac.

My sympathy was with Isaac not for myself. I could write and tell him before he had it from someone else. I would write him at once. Later in the week I would write to Mother. She would be pleased, although she had never met the man I had married. Anyone was better than Isaac.

Returning the letter I wrote on the back,

Cadillac, Nov. 17, 1884

Dear Isaac:

I was married last night. Goodbye forever, Josie.

---X---